UNESCO and the Jerusalem Digs by Katharine Kuh

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Saturday Review

75c

January 24, 1976

Annual International Business Review

MULTINATIONALS AT BAY

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A small town with a pretty big idea.

Ames, Iowa, population 39,500. New York has about that many taxicabs and Chinese restaurants; L.A. might, by now, have that many suburbs.

Yet Ames is in the process of converting the garbage produced by all 39,500 into useable fuel for their electric power plant—burning more orange peels, coffee grounds, cereal boxes and less gas and oil—"corncobs to kilowatts" if you'll allow.

A big, big idea. And one good idea leads to another (reduced fuel needs). And another (sharply reduced landfill requirements). And still others (recovery of steel cans and other materials, reduced air pollution, increased community pride and efficiency). In fact, the idea is catching on in a big way in other small towns.

Franklin, Ohio; Saugus, Mass.; Great Falls, Mont.; Odessa, Texas; Menlo Park, Cal.; Stickney, Ill.; Altoona, Pa.; Madison, Wisc. and Hamilton, Ontario—they're all in the same business—burning garbage in place of oil and gas and recovering recyclable materials.

To the "small-fry" it makes good sense not to let waste go to waste. It will become common sense when the rest of us jump in. Find out how your community can become "energized"...Write us:

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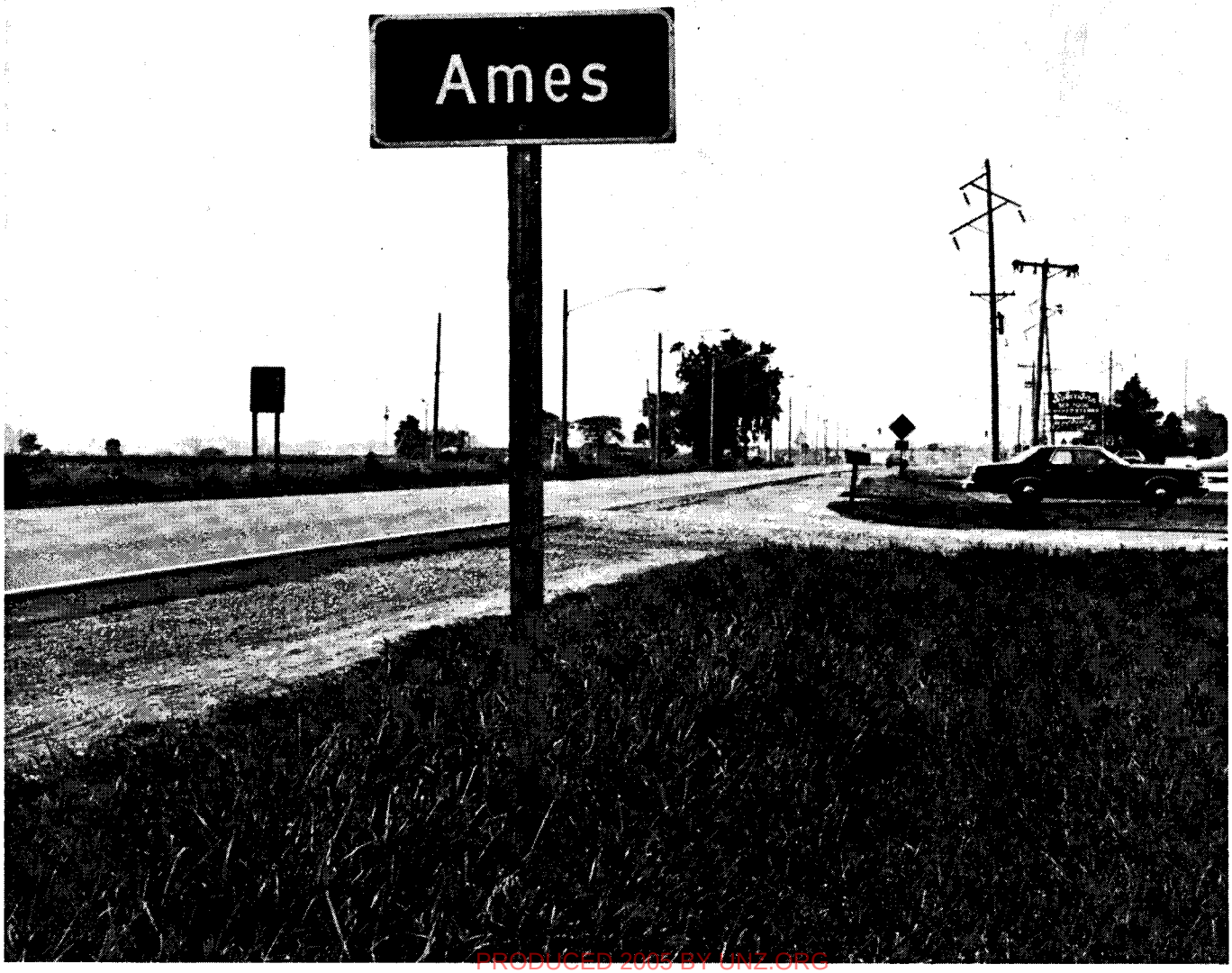

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Busing Reconsidered

Busing was honestly conceived as a way of coping with the fact that schools in predominantly black neighborhoods were segregated as the result of local geography. The effect of this circumstantial segregation, it was believed at the time, was to lower standards of education for blacks.

But busing hasn't worked. After almost a decade, it seems clear that the principal mistake was to assume that we could create a more socially responsible society by putting the problem on wheels and expecting it to arrive at a daily solution. The evidence is substantial that busing is leading away from integration and not toward it; that it has not significantly improved the quality of education accessible to blacks; that it has lowered the standard of education available to whites; that it has resulted in the exodus of white students to private schools inside the city or to public schools in the comparatively affluent suburbs beyond the economic means of blacks; and, finally, that it has not contributed to racial harmony but has produced deep fissures within American society.

Busing hasn't desegregated the schools. It has resegregated them. Racial concentration, the core of the problem, continues. Some 30 percent of white families have moved to the suburbs, leaving many large northern cities with predominantly black schools. For example, in Washington, D.C., 96 percent of the students are black; in Newark, N.J., 72 percent; in Detroit, 70 percent; in Philadelphia, 61 percent; in Chicago, 58 percent; in Cleveland, 57 percent. Does this mean that we must now borrow white students from the suburbs and bus them back to the inner city?

The document that is generally regarded as having provided the impetus for school busing is the 1966 report titled "Equality of Educational Opportunity." It was written by James S. Coleman, professor of sociology, University of Chicago, under the sponsorship of the U. S. Office of Education. Coleman's research showed that deprived students did better when their schoolmates came from backgrounds strong in educational motivation. The general interpretation placed on the Coleman Report was that the practice of segregation had resulted in inferior education for blacks. The conclusion at the time was that putting blacks into white classes offered the best chance of meeting that problem.

Professor Coleman has recently completed a second report. He now presents his somber conclusion that busing has had the effect of replacing old patterns of segregation with new ones. "Ironically," he writes, " 'desegregation' may be increasing segregation." He reaffirms the need for ensuring equal protection under the Fourteenth Amendment, but he believes it is irresponsible to ignore or stand aside from the effects of measures taken for that purpose. "The achievement benefits of integrated schools appeared substantial when I studied them in the middle 1960s," he says, "but subsequent studies of achievement in actual systems that have desegregated, some with a more rigorous methodology than we were able to use in 1966, have found smaller effects, and in some cases none at all."

A major error in the original decision was to underestimate the extent to which family background is a controlling factor in education. Parents who are poorly educated themselves and who have to contend with prolonged joblessness, overcrowding, and malnutrition cannot reasonably be expected to create a home atmosphere supportive of a learning experience for their children.

What is happening is that we are bypassing the fundamentals in the search for an answer. It is the condition of the black in America that continues to be the central, overriding, and saturating issue. Everything involved in lifting a people out of their low estate in society —housing, health, economic opportunity, nutrition, access to justice under the law —fits into this total challenge.

The first thing that has to be done is to de-politicalize the issue. By this time, busing has become a battleground for liberals and conservatives. There appears to be a feeling among many liberals that to oppose busing is to renounce an essential commitment to a better life for blacks. Many conservatives feel that the busing program is proof positive of the hazards of severe governmental intrusion in matters involving racial and social injustice.

What is needed is a White House Conference for the purpose of making an objective analysis of the busing experience and for proposing alternatives.

It is to be hoped that the persons invited to such a conference would come from many professions and occupations, and not from education alone.

There is no disgrace in having failed in an important social enterprise. The only disgrace is in persisting with failure in order to hold to commitments without regard to the need for keeping an open mind. A country dedicated to human rights should not have to confess intellectual and moral bankruptcy in attempting to provide an adequate education for all its citizens. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Morality and Religion

Thanks for the excellent special section ("Watergating on Main Street," November 1). I should like to share two responses.

The first is a raised eyebrow that the theological profession was omitted from the commentary. Is that omission to be accepted as a compliment or as a confession that it is tricky to come to grips with possible moral lapses in what has been thought of as the moral regulator?

The second is to quarrel a bit with Max Lerner's definition of a professional as one who gets paid for what he does. I would suggest that etymologically a professional is one who professes something in the sense of announcing or proclaiming. I feel that the term is denuded of meaning when Mr. Lerner includes therapists, models, football players, librarians, accountants, until nearly everyone who does anything is called a professional. And I agree with him when he says, "One thing all the professions need to do is to recapture the sense of vocation or calling."

Albert O. Kean
Minister
Westlake, Ohio

Your Special Report on ethics—and the lack of ethics—in various important professions unfortunately did not turn its attention to one of the most important institutions/professions in America: organized religion. It would have been useful, though unquestionably rather controversial, to have taken at least a quick sideward glance at the massive indifference to ethics that is manifest in America's—indeed the Western world's—monolithic religious infrastructure.

The merchandising of religion can be as bereft of all ethical concerns as can be the selling of a President or a set of gleaming brass knuckles. Big-time religion is a highly politicized game. It is a sad but observable phenomenon that great numbers of Americans continue to lend their trust to spiritual advisers who either are themselves without ethics or are unable to impose some form of ethical standards on ossified and arcane religious institutions. . . .

Thank you for keeping an eye on us all. Next time, though, please bear in mind the fact that religion and ethics do not necessarily go hand in hand. Some of us would argue that there are occasions when the two are mutually exclusive.

Cable Neuhaus
Ethical Humanist Fellowship
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

On the Necessity of Ethics

The special report "Watergating on Main Street" was certainly most timely, but the overview by Max Lerner ("The Shame of the Professions," November 1) lacked incisiveness and closed on a disturbing note. It was not until the next to the last paragraph that Mr. Lerner got to the true heart of the subject, but then in his last paragraph he destroyed his case by saying: "We don't all go through moral soliloquies of this sort, nor are they necessary."

I submit that every day of our lives every one of us who professes to be a professional man ought to go through precisely the moral soliloquy referred to. Many years ago the great Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School wrote a book entitled *The Lawyer From Antiquity to Modern Times*, and in that book he defined the word *profession* as follows: "The term refers to a group of men pursuing a learned art as a common calling in a spirit of public service—no less a public service because it may incidentally be a means of livelihood."

If I were to sum up what is wrong with all professions today, I would say that they have become a means of livelihood and are now only incidentally a public service. When they become a livelihood first, they are only a common calling. That is why Lerner should not have been apologetic about putting work first and pay second.

J. W. Riehm
Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

Health-Improving Suggestions

Dr. Ingelfinger, in discussing the charge that organized medicine is too reactionary and self-protective ("Medicine," November 1), notes that "it is well known to the doctor" that longevity and infant mortality, in which the United States ranks relatively low, "depend principally on life-styles, nutrition, and sanitary practices." Agreed. But then he tries to argue that it is "political pressures" which result in ignoring prevention. If so, they are pressures to which the doctors willingly succumb.

If the doctors are really concerned about health, why don't they generate counter-pressures? The AMA has contributed millions of dollars to the political campaigns of conservative pro-AMA congressional candidates. What has it done to encourage more healthy life-styles, nutrition, and sanitation?

Although poverty is part of the problem, much improvement in health could take place even with the present income distribution. Organized medicine has practically declared war on health-food advocates who, except for a few wild-eyed extremists, certainly preach a healthier life-style than that advocated by the junk-food advertisers. With the increasing recognition of the role of the environment in causing cancer and other diseases, the doctors should be natural allies of the environmentalists in fighting pollution, but they are as strangely silent on this issue as on many others relating to health.

Robert E. Forman
Toledo, Ohio

"Did you remember to turn off the oil?"

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World Progress Report

Progress à la Carte

The effort to expand the world food supply to keep up with the exploding world appetite has of necessity concentrated on improving the yields of traditional staples—principally rice, maize, and wheat. Among the notable successes in this effort in recent years is the current Philippine rice crop, which is reportedly overflowing the nation's storage facilities. A major reason for the Philippine farmers' success is the development of a new, early-maturing variety, IR 26, at the International Rice Research Institute, originally established by the Rockefeller and Ford foundations and now part of a worldwide network of research centers funded by private, governmental, and international agencies. The new rice variety enables many farmers to grow three crops per year and is said to increase yields by an average of three-tenths of a metric ton per acre.

While work on the major staples continues, however, food scientists are also supplementing the world's larder with improvements and innovations in other crops.

South American Spuds

At the International Potato Center in Lima—another member of the research network that includes the Rice Research Institute—scientists have made significant progress in improving the lowly spud, the world's fourth largest food crop, as a source of nutrition in the tropics. For the first time, the center's plant breeders have succeeded in growing mature potatoes in hot, humid climates in only 31 days, a fraction of the time required in the temperate regions of the Andes, Europe, or North America, to which the potato is naturally adapted.

If the fast-growing tuber can resist attack by tropical pests and diseases, predicts the potato institute's director, Dr. Richard Sawyer, it will offer an alternative to the less nutritious cassava as the staple in many protein-poor tropical areas. Potatoes, he notes, "per unit time, area, or water, produce more calories than any major crop including cereals," and they are richer in protein than cassava is. The precocious new potato, he suggests, could become an important "backyard" crop in many parts of the world or even a second crop between rice plantings in paddy agriculture.

Better Beans

A trio of researchers in the department of food sciences at the University of Illinois at Urbana has concocted a high-protein soybean elixir that can serve as the base for a variety of substitutes for dairy foods, including milk, yogurt, butter, puddings, and ice cream. According to the professors—Alvin I. Nelson, Marvin P. Steinberg, and Lun-Shin Wei—their "bland, stable water dispersion" of whole soybeans is free of the distinctive flavors and textures that have prevented the soybean from becoming a popular food in many cultures. The inventors claim that appropriate flavors, added during processing, can transform the high-protein base into a cheap food custom-made for the tastes of poor people in emerging countries.

On the Hoof

Meanwhile, the large-horned African antelope, called the oryx, heretofore an answer to the prayers of crossword puzzlers and Scrabblers, may prove at least a partial answer to the critical protein shortage in such chronically dry and poor areas as the sub-Saharan zone. Well-adapted to drought and other marginal living conditions, the oryx needs only a third to a quarter of the water required by cattle for survival, converts food to weight twice as efficiently as do cattle, and is immune to many diseases that attack cattle. In a test of the oryx's tolerance to domestication under typical African conditions, reports Robinson McIlvane, former United States ambassador to Kenya and now African director of the World Wildlife Leadership Foundation, the oryx outperformed not only cattle but also buffalo, eland, and even goats.

Winged Bean

Joining the search for novel sources of protein, the National Academy of Sciences surveyed the whole range of edible tropical plants in the hope of finding an unsung species that might be exploited in underfed areas. The academy's prize find among 36 promising candidates is the winged bean, already grown as a backyard crop in Papua, New Guinea, and Southeast Asia.

According to the academy's research, however, the high-protein winged bean could readily be adapted to growing conditions in the humid tropics, where protein malnutrition is endemic. Moreover, the winged bean's seed, like the soybean, assays at 34 percent protein; but unlike the soybean, of which only the bean is edible for humans, the winged bean is nutritious and delicious from root to flower. It is reported that the immature pods taste like green beans, and the flowers fried in oil taste like mushrooms.

As an additional bonus, the roots of the winged bean are hosts to bacteria that can convert atmospheric nitrogen into the form usable by plants. Thus the winged bean by itself can grow in poor soil, while it can also be planted between the rows of other plants as a built-in fertilizer factory. ANTHONY WOLFF

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

Characters You Can't Believe (II)

George Augustus Frederick, when Prince of Wales, carried on with such flagrancies that whenever he went down to Brighton the town wits repeated this doggerel, one of hundreds lampooning His Royal Highness:

> In the course of one revolving moon,
> Jockey, actor, coachman, and buffoon.

Fat, frivolous, licentious, the future King George IV was a coxcomb, always "painted, scented, and powdered." His cholesterol must have been as high as his hulk was huge. He had to be strapped into corsets and brocades. He wore golden wigs and frogged velvet cloaks, skintight breeches and military jackets embroidered in gold and laden with epaulets. He had a passion for dressing gowns "of riotous colors" and often received foreign dignitaries in these peacock costumes. He was once described as "a colossal cocoon." I cannot improve on that.

His habits were as vainglorious as his wardrobe. He never rose from bed until 6—in the afternoon—and was so lazy (or malicious) that he would ring for a valet to tell him the time instead of turning his head to look at the clock. He refused to reach for a glass of water or whiskey but summoned a servant to hand it to him. He was so obscene in his jests that to this day some of his letters have never been published. In time he grew so corpulent that his legs could not carry his weight and valets had to hold him up on each side as he toddled around a room.

No one can count the number of ladies/whores George bedded; but no one denies that his true love was Mrs. Maria Anna Fitzherbert, twice-widowed, whom George could not cozen into the royal hay. She was a devout Catholic; so the Prince of Wales was driven to the extremity of proposing marriage—secretly. (By Parliamentary edict, a Catholic spouse invalidated rights to the throne.) Mrs. Fitzherbert consulted the Vatican, which assured her that even though she should marry a Protestant by an Anglican cleric, the nuptials would be held sacred by the Holy See.

So the heir to Britain's kingdom wed Mrs. Fitzherbert—in her home, with only three witnesses. The morganatic union was never known to the groom's father, George III, a loopy monarch who loathed his son. In fact, at a royal dinner, the King once seized his heir-apparent, flung him against a wall, and proceeded to choke him. When the Prince of Wales burst into tears, the King sighed to the assembled guests: "See how my melancholy upsets him." This is a rare case of the pot calling the kettle white.

As I told you (in my preceding column), Parliament forced the Prince of Wales to marry Princess Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. It was the only way the lad could be bailed out of his monumental debts. The marriage was performed with George Augustus Frederick stone drunk and his oafish bride cackling in triumph. The wedding night was the one time the groom performed his conjugal duty; he loathed his wife. Indeed, but three days after the nuptials he wrote a will bequeathing all he owned to "my wife, the wife of my heart and soul"—Mrs. Fitzherbert. The will stayed as secret as the bigamy.

George pined for Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was not allowed to appear at court, even though his mother, the Queen, openly received George's latest doxy, Lady Jersey, who was a Protestant. When in heat, George showed not the slightest sign of religious intolerance.

He often raged against Mrs. Fitzherbert ("that depraved harlot," "that infernal Jezebel"), but his words did not diminish his love. He begged her to return to his chamber after Princess Caroline had trotted off to Italy to gratify her ruttish needs. Mrs. Fitzherbert consulted Rome again, and the Pope approved: the Prince's union with Caroline was null and void in the eyes of the Church, because Mrs. Fitzherbert had married him (albeit secretly) before.

Now the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert appeared together in the royal box, at a theater, or Covent Garden—and when Princess Caroline returned from her scandalous adventures in Italy, *she* attended the theater or opera, too, flaunting her injury with unseemly glee. The English public so detested George that Caroline was often greeted with cheers—and this attitude prevented George (when he became George IV) from getting a divorce in the House of Lords.

So George and Mrs. Fitzherbert carried on. He never admitted he had married her. Neither did she. They had one child, a son, who went off to America.

Despite the impression I have given you and the scathing words of Thackeray ("he was a creature of monstrous vanity, heartless, treacherous, a worn-out voluptuary"), I do not think George IV a buffoon. He was utterly spoiled and dissolute, but he was not a fool. He was, in fact, rather clever and witty. He was a connoisseur of paintings and French furniture (his collections of paintings became the base of the great collection in the National Gallery, and the furniture still adorns Buckingham Palace). Ahead of the mandarins of literature, he acclaimed the genius of Jane Austen. His taste in architecture was superb: he approved Nash's majestic plans for the colonnades around Regent's Park and the curving beauty of Regent Street, which is named in his honor. He also spent 22 years building that fantastic jewel box (some call it a monstrosity) of Hindu-Persian-Islamic styles: the Royal Pavilion in Brighton.

The debauched glutton king died in his 68th year. A locket, under his nightshirt, contained a tiny portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert. The damndest hodge-podge of "treasures" was also found in his rooms, hoarded for half a century: old pantaloons, capes, ladies' gloves and garters, old letters, dried flowers—and 500 purses (his own purses), each one stuffed with money. The cache came to £10,000.

Should you go to England, do visit Brighton's Royal Pavilion, that pleasure-dome of fantasy George so loved. It is bewitching, foolish, beautiful, barbarous, moonily romantic, perhaps ridiculous—the perfect monument for the astonishing profligate: King of the mightiest throne in Europe, who stashed away £10,000 in 500 absurd purses. □

This sketch is taken from Mr. Rosten's forthcoming book: *The 3:10 to Anywhere.*

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 89

MIKE McGRADY:
(THE) KITCHEN SINK PAPERS

My inability to clean house kept coming back to bother me like some recurring ailment, and as nearly as I could tell, it was incurable. To most people, cleanliness is next to godliness—to me, it's next to impossible. . . . There is no way for me to put my heart into the job.

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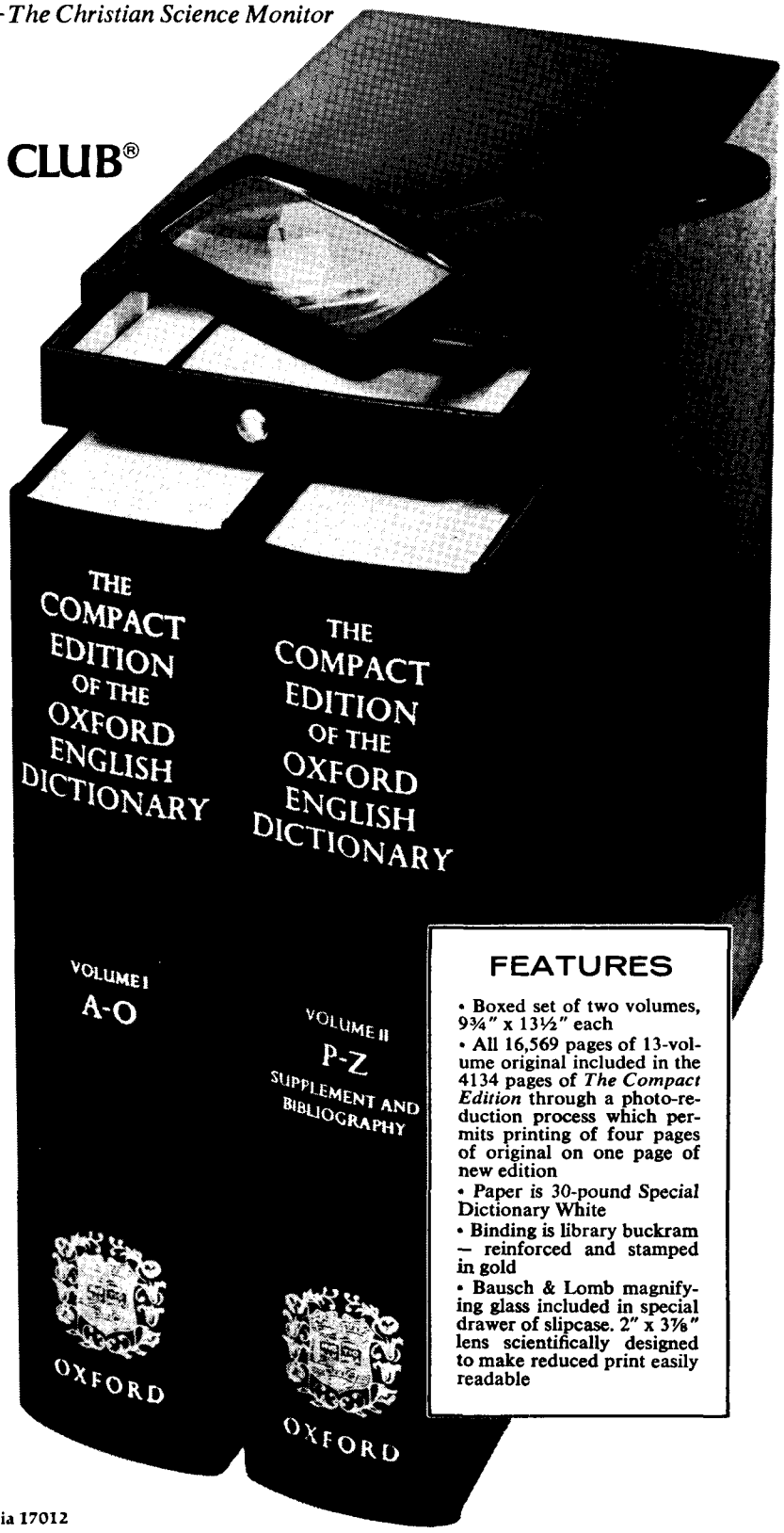

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Curmudgeon-at-Large by Cleveland Amory

Don't look now, but two kinds of women have disappeared. We're not talking about those good old-fashioned girls, either. Of course they've disappeared, too. You remember—they married dear old Dad.

But that's another story. What we're talking about now is two totally different kinds of girls. They are—now hold your hatpins—groupies and grandmothers.

Let's take these disappearances one at a time. It's easier that way. You remember groupies—those younger girls who would tear the clothes off rock singers and who would chase them into their hotels and would even get into their rooms by dressing up as chambermaids. Well, according to the most popular of today's rock singers, there are no more groupies. They've gone.

As if that weren't just our luck. Just when we get a little tiny bit of fame and maybe could look forward to just a *small* group of groupies—bingo, they've split.

Grandmothers, on the other hand, have (according to a recent study by family counselors) also taken it on the lam. You remember grandmothers—they could always be counted on in a pinch to spoil your little monsters rotten. Well now, according to the experts, they've flown the coop, too. They're all out working or on the town or getting their masters in poli-sci or whatever. Anyway, they're not where they were.

We suppose everyone has his or her own theory about all this, but ours is, of course, the one that we know you're waiting to hear. Our theory is that granny has gone because she was once a groupie. Frankly, we believe she's gone *with* the groupies.

TV NOTE—as supplied by Geraldine Mertz of Auburn, Wash., from the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*:

8:30 A.M. CONFERENCE. The Pacific Northwest and White House Conference on Domestic and Economic Affairs from the Olympic Hotel. Gravel-to-gravel coverage.

Determined to rock, presumably, 'round the clock.

BUSING CRISIS—as found by James Paul, of Western Springs, Ill., in the *Chicago Tribune*:

Organized resistance to busing in the Southie and Charlestown sections of Boston and in Louisville-Jefferson County have motivated judges and school officials to rally leadership in favor of moderation and have carefully laid plans to win prenatal and student support.

We always say you can't get 'em too young.

WASHINGTON LAUNDRY—as hung out to dry by Lewis Regenstein, author of *The Politics of Extinction*, who found it in the *Washington Post*:

Not all congressional trips are to swank resorts and vacation meccas. For example, Sen. Dewey F. Bartlett (R-Okla.) and six House members took two separate trips to Somalia in July to investigate reports that the Soviet Union was building a missile base in that nation. According to a Mouse aide, it was four days of "pure hell" as temperatures often soared above 100 degrees.

"If anyone tries to call this a junket, I'll punch him in the mouth," the aide declared.

We suggest giving him a piece of cheese.

CAPTIOUS CAPTION—as uncovered by Grace Collins of Los Gatos, Calif., in the San Jose *News*:

San Jose Police Department robbery investigators recently were awarded a trophy by the Northern California Robbery Investigators Association for solving more and better robberies . . .

That's what we call upward mob-ility.

ART DEPARTMENT—as drawn by Ellen Sears of Glenburnie, Ontario, from the Kingston (Ontario) *Whig Standard*:

RE: Storrington Fair Art Contest. My apologies to all those who entered this contest with the assurance their work would be returned. All but the winning entries were burned without my consent or knowledge.

Well, you've got to admit one thing—they knew what they didn't like.

MARITAL MART—as chosen by Pamela Hawman in Bert Bacharach's column in the *Reading Times*:

LIKES MARRY LIKES, according to a stud of the wives of many well-adjusted "normal" men.

And studs, we presume, study studs.

And another, spotted by Buck Horan, of Albany, N.Y., in Ann Landers's column in the *Knickerbocker News*:

Why can't former lovers remain fiends?

They can, Ann; they can. □

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As advertised in the Wall Street Journal, Barrons, National Observer, New York Times, Holiday Inn, Business Week, Nation's Business, etc.

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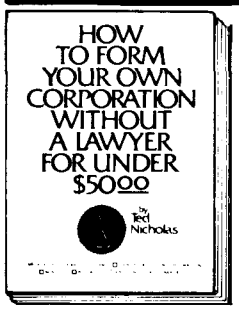
By Ted Nicholas



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How to actually form a corporation step by step. Included are instructions on completing the forms.

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Mr. Nicholas has been to the White House to personally meet with the President of the United States after being selected as one of the outstanding businessmen in the Nation.

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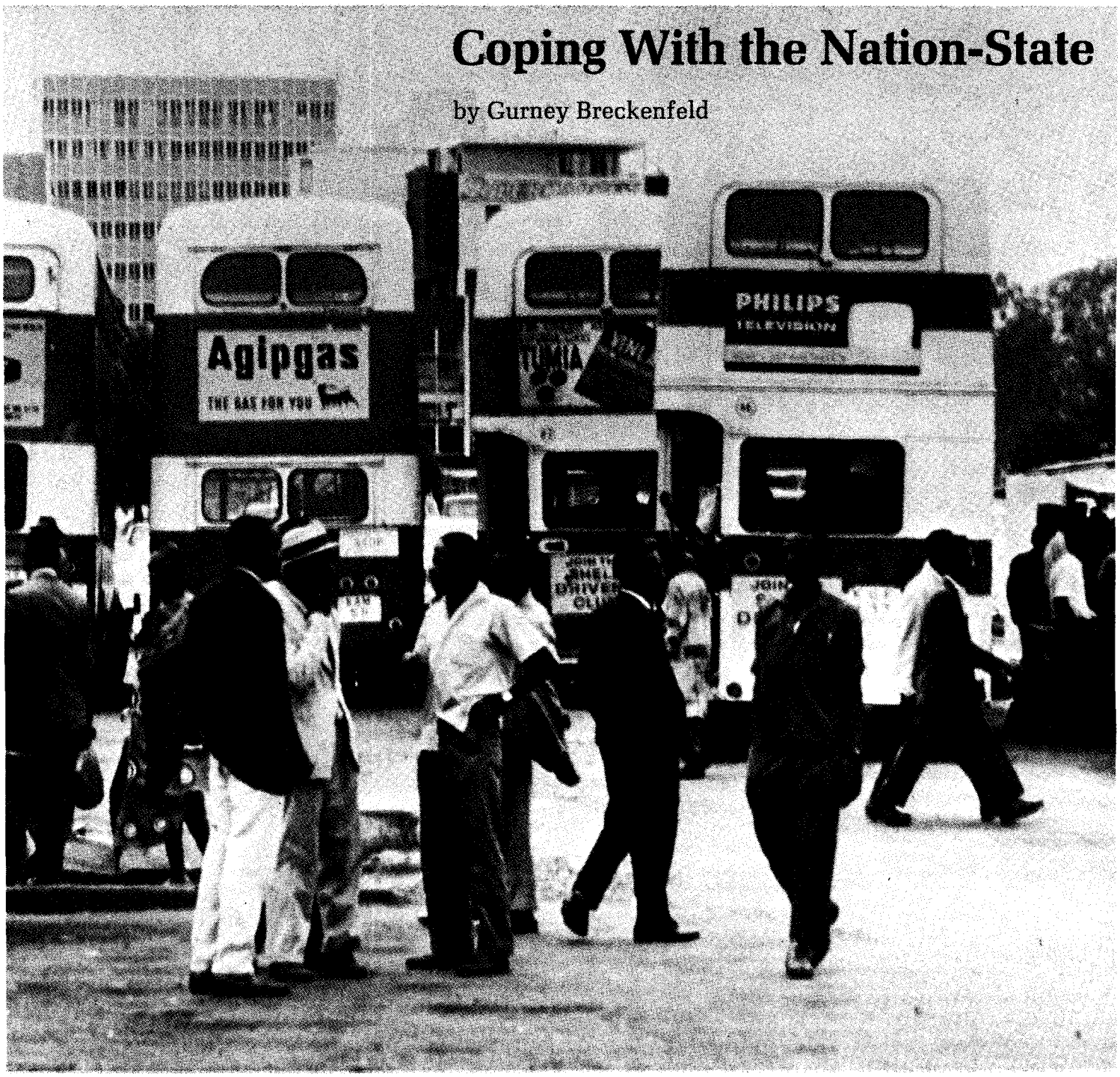
MULTINATIONALS AT BAY

Multinational corporations are today on the defensive: increasingly, they are being pilloried by consumer groups, unions, the media, Congress, and various international organizations. As Jacques Maisonrouge, chairman of IBM World Trade Corporation, recently put it, these attacks on multinationals have at times reached the level of "open political warfare." Are these attacks warranted? Or are multinationals, on balance, a force for good? This special section looks into the pros and cons of the multinational presence on the world scene.

Coping With the Nation-State

by Gurney Breckenfeld



Bruno Barbey: Magnum

The multinational presence in Nairobi—"On a collision course with the Third World."

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The old law of physics that every action produces an equal and opposite reaction has lately seemed to apply with sardonic irony to multinational corporations. Last year that eloquent defender of the American position, Daniel P. Moynihan, now U. S. ambassador to the United Nations, singled out the multinational corporation as an example of the "enormous recent achievements" in international liberalism. "Combining modern management with liberal trade policies," he declared, "it is arguably the most creative international institution of the 20th century." That proposition once met with little argument. Five years ago multinationals, about half of them American, were expanding lustily across most non-Communist parts of the world, increasing their sales, profits, and penetration of foreign markets so rapidly that they already were producing about a sixth of the world's goods and services. Direct foreign investment, mainly and increasingly by multinationals, had already replaced trade as the most important ingredient of international economics. Some respectable authorities calculated that 300 giant companies might account for half the world's economic activity well before the end of the century.

Today the multinationals are bigger than ever but are under attack at home and abroad—their image tarnished, their prospects imperiled, their leaders dismayed. Consumer groups, the media, and academia are increasingly critical. Organized labor in the United States is demanding legislation to prevent the multinationals from "exporting jobs." Congress has taken away a few of their alleged tax advantages and may hit them with severe, even crippling, new restrictions. Many foreign governments are imposing tough new conditions on their operations, cutting into their profits and incentive to invest. The United Nations is moving on several fronts toward measures that may impede the future growth of multinationals. And the disclosures of bribery and political manipulations, which have seriously damaged their public reputation, are also fanning demands for "codes of conduct" that may impose onerous and perhaps unnecessary burdens.

Multinationals, it would appear, are unlikely to disappear from the scene any time soon, but considerable change is clearly on the way. Lee L. Morgan, president of Caterpillar Tractor Company, an Illinois-based multinational with 11 plants in 9 foreign countries, recently predicted that the rest of the Seventies would bring "a rising tide of attempts at control and regulation" of multinationals. He added: "We have so far seen only the first small waves."

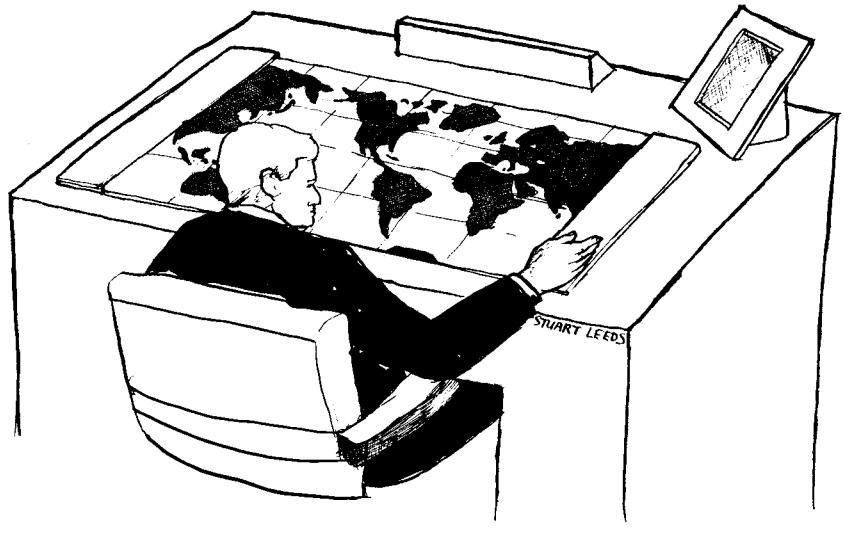
Foggy Statistics

For a perspective on the pros and cons of the intensifying debate about multinational enterprises, it helps to begin by looking at some economic fundamentals. U. S. investment in factories and similar facilities abroad, most of it by big multinational concerns, has now reached the impressive total of $110 billion, according to Treasury officials. That is nearly five times the foreign direct investment in the United States, and it brought the nation an equally impressive $17.6 billion income in 1974.

Until recently, U. S.-based multinationals had been expanding their overseas investment at the rate of about 10 percent a year. Investment abroad—$7.3 billion last year—is still rising, but the pace has slowed. Some bankers find the decline in American investment in Europe especially marked, and a study conducted last summer by the Department of Commerce provides supporting evidence. After surveying some 350 American companies and their 5,000 majority-owned foreign affiliates, the department reported that outlays for property, plant, and equipment abroad would increase by only 4 percent in 1975, a huge drop from the 25 percent rise the year before. In short (the second irony), the global row about global companies is reaching a crescendo as their expansion rate wanes.

Changing political and economic circumstances underlie the slowdown. In the Fifties U. S. companies pushed abroad to get around high tariffs and other barriers to American exports. In the Sixties they did so to cut production costs with cheaper labor. At the same time, an overvalued dollar made it cheap to buy assets abroad, the world economy was expanding at a brisk pace, prices were stable, and most foreign countries were quite receptive toward U. S. private companies. Not one of those conditions prevails today. Dollar devaluations have made our exports more competitive in world markets, lessening the need to produce overseas. Labor costs are rising faster abroad, especially in Europe, so that it is more attractive to expand factories at home.

These changes, in turn, have set others in motion. As U. S. exports boom, Japanese and European multinational companies feel the effects in their own foreign sales. So multinationals from all three continents are shifting more and more production into the Third World, once chiefly a source of raw materials and domestic exports.



Though major trends are reasonably clear, some basic statistics are conspicuously murky. Odd though it may seem in a world overflowing with numerical data of every kind, no one can say for sure just how many multinational companies exist—even how many are U. S.-based. One reason, of course, is the lack of a single, standard definition of what a company must be and do in order to qualify for the label (see box, page 14). Nor do we know how big the sales and

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Gurney Breckenfeld is a member of the board of editors at Fortune *magazine.*

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profits of multinationals are, in the aggregate. The Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development estimates that four-fifths of the business done by the world's multinationals involves transactions among its 24 member nations, almost all of which are industrialized. In *Fortune*'s latest ranking of the world's largest industrial companies, all the top 15 are multinationals. Eleven are based in the United States, and eight are oil companies.

Beyond such shafts of light as these lies a dense fog of confusion, misunderstanding, and perhaps even outright lying with statistics. Figures appearing in scholarly works tend to be so out of date as to be misleading. And recent data are sometimes based on an estimate projected from a sample used to update a survey made years ago. As an example of the glop that passes for insight, consider some of the findings of a 1973 U. N. study. It reported, among many other things, that there were 7,300 multinational companies but instantly devalued that "fact" by noting that almost half of them had affiliates in only one country (a setup that might qualify them semantically to be called "binational" but hardly multinational). The same report also asserted in a footnote that "almost all" of the world's 650 largest industrial companies were multinational. But that list, another footnote divulged, was based on *Fortune*'s domestic and foreign company lists for 1971.

How Things Fell Apart

With hindsight, it is now clear that the great turning point for the fortunes of the multinationals came in 1971, the year when the Organization of Petroleum-Exporting Countries (OPEC) first showed that it could impose its own

A Problem of Definition

At its simplest, a multinational corporation is one that owns or controls production or service facilities (for example, banks) in at least two countries outside the country where it is headquartered. Most authorities agree, however, that to qualify for the label, a company should operate in six or more countries and have sales of at least $100 million a year. It is the size and the power of the more than 200 multinational corporations with sales above $1 billion a year that have created popular concern over their activities. As a U.N. study ever so delicately suggested: "For most practical purposes, those [multinationals] with less than $100 million in sales can safely be ignored."

G. & C. Merriam, the publishers, in 1971 added the word *multinational* to their large dictionary; in 1973 it got into *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*—but only as an adjective. The 1975 edition also lists the word as a noun. Business semanticists insist that "international" is too broad a term, because it covers even small import-export firms, whereas a multinational company generally has a global strategy of investment, production, and distribution, in addition to its size.

The United Nations' Group of Eminent Persons, after a nine-month study of the multinationals, concluded that "multinational corporation" really isn't quite the right phrase to describe the phenomenon. The eminences argued that "transnational enterprises" would be a better label because the companies aren't all corporations but may be government entities, partnerships, or cooperatives. And "trans," of course, dodges the question of the number of countries involved. (After all, some 3,000 U. S. companies have direct investments abroad, but probably only a tenth as many have operations in six or more foreign lands.) The United Nations agreed in part, and last year it created a Commission on Transnational Corporations and an Information and Research Center on Transnational Corporations.

Definitional differences persist in several other areas. Some authorities classify any company as multinational if its foreign sales account for 25 percent or more of the total. Others insist that the dividing line should be whether direct investment in manufacturing facilities abroad amounts to at least 15 to 20 percent of a company's total investment. Even the term "direct investment"—as distinguished from stock or bond holdings—is subject to qualification. Most experts argue that at least a 25 percent equity ownership of a foreign enterprise must be involved—that is, a large enough share to provide operational control.

American firms expanded abroad as early as the 1850s, but only after World War I did U. S. overseas investment rise rapidly, especially in Mexico and Canada. After World War II, and especially after the Common Market was founded in 1958, the magnitude and the location of U. S. foreign investment changed sharply; Canada, Western European nations, and other industrial countries got the bulk of it.

In earlier times most U. S. investment abroad involved mining or raw materials, and by one recent estimate petroleum still accounts for about 30 percent of U. S. direct foreign investment. The post-war investment pattern has been quite different; perhaps 40 percent has been concentrated in such leading modern industries as electronics, chemicals, and autos. Yet despite the importance of underdeveloped countries as sources of new materials, 80 percent of international commodities trade (excluding oil) is still between industrialized countries.

The organizational pattern of big U. S. multinational corporations has tended to evolve by stages as the scope of foreign operations grew. Before 1950 a medium-rank export manager typically handled foreign sales. As demand for U. S. products increased, many firms created an international division to set up and run overseas subsidiaries. But further growth abroad often created difficulties, both in internal supervision and in coping with such ordinary but time-consuming activities as product design, pricing policy, quality control, and research. Some companies have responded by subdividing their international divisions into geographical sectors; others, by dismembering them and forming product divisions with global responsibilities.

With the resurgence of nationalistic fervor, especially in underdeveloped countries, multinationals in recent years have increasingly taken on foreign partners in their subsidiaries abroad. Though control has generally remained in home-country hands up to now, this pattern, too, is changing. Industry by industry, several Latin American countries are beginning to insist on majority control of foreign subsidiaries operating within their borders.

G. B.

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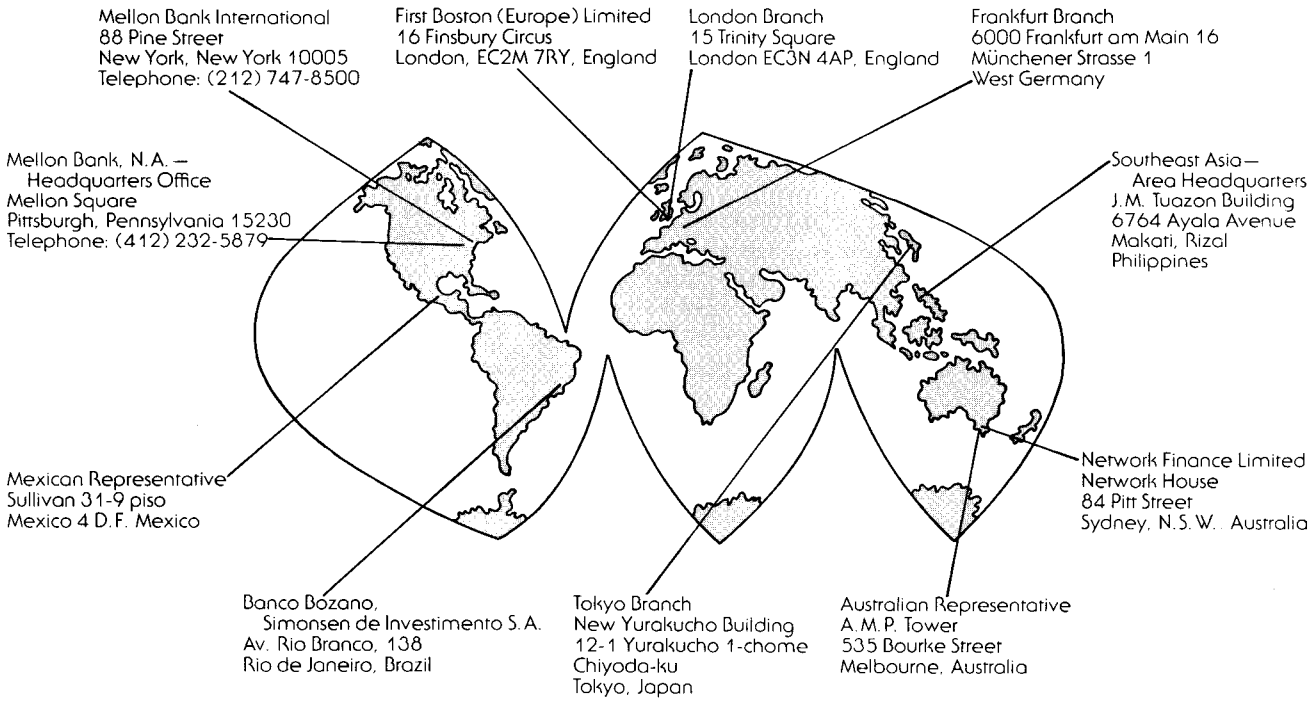

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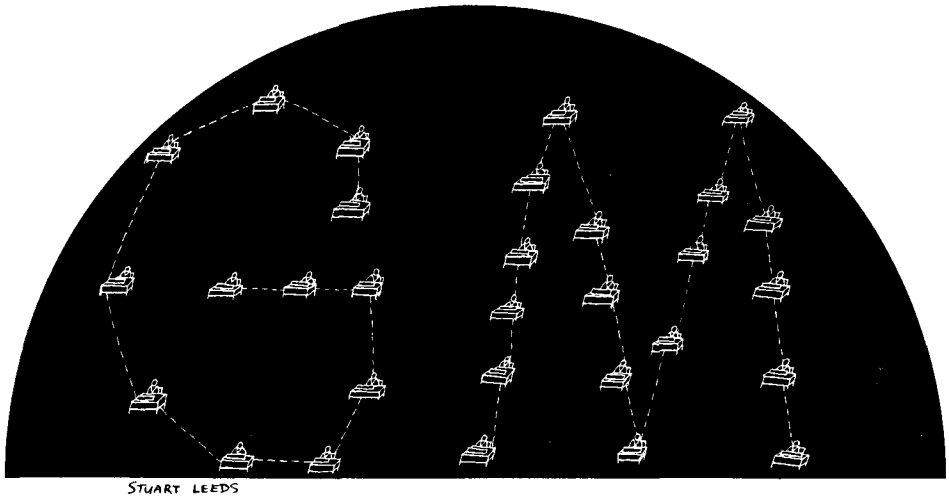
terms for oil on industrialized Western nations of far greater economic and military strength. In the wake of that confrontation, which was followed by an extortionate price increase in 1973 and the outright nationalization of most Western oil company holdings in OPEC countries, other underdeveloped nations felt emboldened to impose tougher rules and higher taxes on foreign enterprises.

Another 1971 event, a book tellingly titled *Sovereignty at Bay* by Harvard Prof. Raymond Vernon, sounded a central theme, which critics of multinationals have been embellishing ever since. Vernon argued that "sovereign states are feeling naked." He contended that the great size, the financial strength, and the superior technology and organization of vast international enterprises set them beyond the effective control of individ-



STUART LEEDS

ual nation-states, which needed their jobs and money too much to resist whatever came along in the bargain.

By now, a whole body of literature has appeared about multinational companies; some of it is factual, much of it a beguiling mixture of insight and fantasy. The American public is entitled to feel confused by the polemics, for many of the issues do not yield easily to simplification or sweeping generalization. In this cascade of words, the book with the mightiest impact is *Global Reach,* by political scientist Richard J. Barnet and economist Roland E. Müller. A readable best-seller, it has been serialized in *The New Yorker,* praised in the *New York Review of Books*, condemned by *Time* magazine ("a biased indictment"), and regularly cited by businessmen bemoaning "unfair" attacks.

The authors' thesis is that "the structural transformation of the world economy through the globalization of Big Business is undermining the power of the nation-state to maintain economic and political stability within its territory." However plausible, that theory itself bestirs controversy. For it overlooks the powers that all governments possess. Idaho Democrat Frank Church, chairman of the Senate subcommittee that has been investigating multinational corporations, once put the matter in perspective. Noting that the spread of multinationals had helped to promote a "new nationalism" among the proliferating new nations of the post–World War II era, he remarked that a witness had likened the "developing confrontation" between the two groups to the dispute eight centuries ago between King Henry II and Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury—a contest that ended with murder in the cathedral. "It is possible that murder could occur again," said Church, "this time the murder of the multinationals. For despite their enormous growth and wealth it is still an unequal contest. Armies march for governments, whether large or small, and each of these governments possesses, in its sovereign right, the power to tax, to restrict, to discriminate against, or to nationalize foreign-owned businesses, or indeed to confiscate their properties."

No armies have recently marched against a multinational company, but a recent U.N. study found that nationalizations by developing countries doubled from an average of 45 a year during the Sixties to 93 annually in the Seventies. And host countries, especially in Latin America, have become increasingly successful at extracting benefits for their economies from foreign investors. Mexico, for example, is forcing foreign-based automakers to export more of their Mexican output and will eventually require them to sell as much abroad as in the local market. Colombia is placing branches of foreign banks under majority Colombian control. Iran is insisting that many foreign-based industrial companies sell 49 percent of their already limited equity to employees or to the general public.

Industrially advanced countries are also demanding a bigger share of profits, jobs, technology, and management in their dealings with multinationals. Several European nations, including even West Germany, which has had a particularly liberal attitude toward foreign investment, are starting to look closely at foreign investments for the national benefits involved. Last year Canada imposed a set of formal criteria on foreign-controlled companies, including a requirement that a majority of their boards of directors be composed of Canadians. The province of Saskatchewan decided to nationalize its huge potash-mining industry; of the 12 companies affected, 7 are American or American-controlled.

Five Issues, Pro and Con

In the debate about multinationals, at least five major questions deserve close scrutiny:

(1) *Are multinational companies exporting U. S. jobs?*

PRO: thousands of jobs in such industries as apparel, radios, and bicycles have been lost to American workers because U. S. companies have shifted manufacturing or the production of component parts to such places as Taiwan, Singapore, or Korea, where labor costs are far lower. Between 1966 and 1969, 500,000 U. S. jobs were exported by such arrangements, says the AFL-CIO.

CON: the charges are correct in general but misrepresent the total situation. When companies moved production abroad, the usual alternative was to lose sales—perhaps even in the domestic market—to foreign competitors. Says Reginald Jones, the chairman of General Electric: "As the last company in the United States to give up the manufacture of radios, we know exactly how tough the foreign competition has been." Moreover, U. S. multinationals export so much to their overseas affiliates that the net effect is that more jobs are created than are lost (but not necessarily in the same occupations or cities). Robert S. Stobaugh, professor of business administration at Harvard Business School, found in a recent study "using

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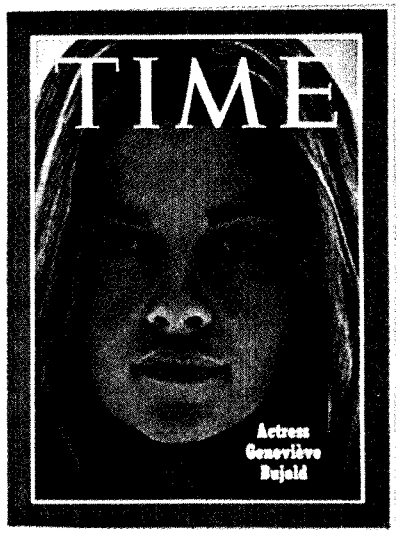

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every bit of information available" that on balance U. S. corporate operations abroad add 700,000 jobs to the domestic economy and add an income of $7 billion a year to the nation's balance of payments. Some other studies have put the figures much higher.

(2) *Do multinationals create "export platforms" abroad to ship back cheaply made goods to the United States?*

PRO: one need only consider where TV sets and radios are being made nowadays. Companies shift manufacturing overseas to exploit cheap labor, to circumvent anti-pollution laws, and to avoid taxes.

CON: again, the balance runs in the other direction. Less than 10 percent of the products manufactured by overseas affiliates of U. S. companies are imported into the United States. But nearly a third of all U. S.-manufactured exports go to foreign affiliates of American companies. The Department of Commerce, in its latest study of the matter, found that in 1972 majority-owned foreign affiliates of American companies sold 72 percent of their goods and services in the country where they were produced. Another 22 percent of their sales went to other foreign countries; only 7 percent was exported to the United States, an increase from 6 percent in 1966.

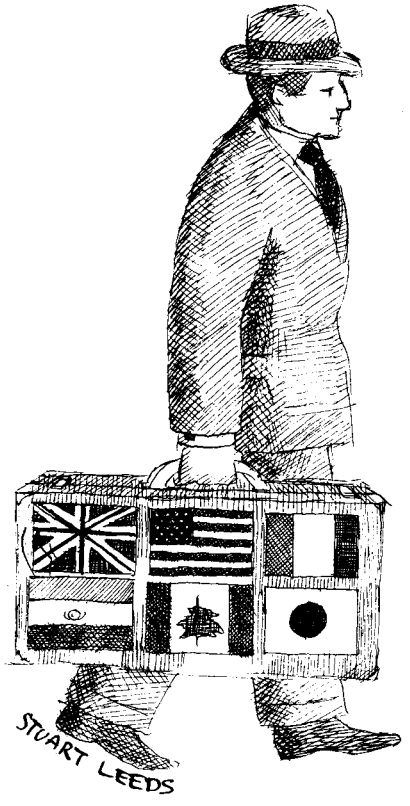
(3) *Are multinationals the villains of currency crises?*

PRO: companies have shifted "hot money" out of weak currencies and into strong ones in such massive amounts that past efforts to stabilize the dollar were weakened. By so doing, it has been argued by Andrew Biemiller, the AFL-CIO's chief lobbyist, that "corporations and banks put profits ahead of patriotism." Sometimes they do so to protect their holdings against anticipated exchange-rate changes and sometimes to engage in outright speculation.

CON: since the major currencies have been "floating"—that is, allowed by governments to fluctuate in value day by day in the international money market—the complaint is partly moot. After a long study, the U.S. Tariff Commission concluded in 1973 that while multinationals do have the "capacity for disruptive movements" of funds, few of them use it. The commission found that "only a small fraction" of corporate treasurers and bank vice-presidents speculate in currencies. (When ITT tried to hedge against currency fluctuations in 1974, it miscalculated and lost more than $25 million.) The real cause of currency crises, as research economist Edward M. Bernstein told a U. N. inquiry, was the failure of governments to raise or lower the value of their currencies until long after it became clear to the world's financial experts that they must do so.

(4) *Do multinationals exploit the economies of underdeveloped countries?*

PRO: critics, mostly from academia, complain that even when multinational companies have accelerated economic development, as, for instance, in Brazil and (in the late Sixties) Pakistan, the poor remain as poor as ever. Sometimes



the multinationals preempt scarce local resources. Barnet and Müller contend that between 1957 and 1965 U. S.–based companies financed more than four-fifths of their operations in Latin America with local capital or reinvested earnings.

CON: governments, not multinational corporations, set the policies that determine whether all classes in a given country will share in economic advances. The poor of most newly rich Arab oildoms have received little of much of their countries' larger slice of the petroleum pie. Peru has been busy expropriating U. S. subsidiaries in the name of controlling its own economy, but there has been no transformation of class structure or the power of the elite. It is probable that some siphoning off of local capital did occur, though host governments could have prevented it at the time. In any case, it is becoming much more difficult to do so.

(5) *Do multinationals evade taxes abroad by rigging prices?*

PRO: in buying or selling goods within the confines of a company, but across national borders, companies manipulate prices so that they can avoid taxable profits in high-tax countries and inflate profits in low-tax countries. According to a U. N. study, such intracorporate trade within multinational companies accounts for nearly a quarter of the world's foreign trade in goods. It is concentrated in a few industries, including chemicals and autos. Some studies contend that overpricing in underdeveloped countries has ranged from 30 percent to 8,000 percent; underpricing, from 40 percent to 60 percent.

CON: some of this activity undoubtedly does, or at least did, go on. But most big companies require "arm's length" pricing of sales between subsidiaries or divisions. In the United States and Europe, tax collectors are zealous about auditing corporate books to prevent such practices. Apparently few executives would object if governments reached an international agreement setting uniform rules for tax purposes on all transfer pricing.

Zeroing in on Bribery

The issue that may really cause trouble for U. S. companies, and not just for multinationals, is bribery and political manipulation. Companies can't condone the practice. Responsible executives are right to insist that it shouldn't happen. Many companies insist that they have strict rules prohibiting it. Oddly, Americans seem much more upset over such ethical problems than over the economic nitty-gritty that concerns rulers and power elites abroad.

Some businessmen argue that not as much corruption is going on as is widely suspected. But nearly four years of increasingly sensational disclosures add up to a lot of monkey business. For example, United Brands admitted that it had paid a $1,250,000 bribe to a Honduras official in an effort to win a reduction of that country's export tax on bananas. Gulf Oil's chairman, Bob Dorsey,

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conceded that the company had made nearly $5 million in secret payments abroad for political purposes, including $50,000 to finance Arab propaganda in the United States. Exxon, the world's largest multinational, owned up to having made the biggest secret payment of all. Controller Archie L. Monroe told the Senate subcommittee on multinational corporations that an Italian affiliate had spent some $47 million between 1963 and 1971 to win tax favors. Monroe stressed that the payments were legal under Italian law but called them "a mistake."

The sequence of revelations dates all the way back to March 1972, when columnist Jack Anderson exposed U. S. government and corporate intervention by ITT in Chilean elections. Chile asked for a U. N. investigation, thus setting in motion the chain of events that has created wide demand at home, abroad, and in several international forums for stricter regulation of multinationals. The United Nations named a 20-member Group of Eminent Persons to make a far-reaching inquiry into the activities of multinational companies. Its report, rendered in June 1974, was largely critical. The only two Americans on the panel, Sen. Jacob Javits, a New York Republican, and J. Irwin Miller, chairman of Cummins Engine Company, filed dissenting opinions.

WITHOUT WAITING for that report, the U. N. General Assembly in April 1974 adopted its controversially one-sided proposal calling for a "new international economic order." Among many other things, it demanded "regulation and supervision of the activities of transnational corporations" but said nothing about whether such controls should be

What Doth It Profit a Man...

by Rawleigh Warner, Jr.

As chief executive officer of a major multinational corporation operating in some 100 countries and territories, I freely admit that we make a profit on our worldwide operations—an average of 1.5 cents on each gallon of petroleum product sold. Were it not for the expectation of profit, we wouldn't be in business. Nor would any other multinational. Obviously, when we do make a profit, it is beneficial to our organization, but in the course of our operations others benefit, too. The world also profits—despite arguments to the contrary.

Common sense dictates that no multinational company such as Mobil could exist for long without having provided quality products and services to satisfy the needs of many millions of customers around the world. Nor could a multinational company such as Mobil exist for long if it were not responsive to the social environment in which it operates. We've been around for 109 long years; so we must be doing something right.

Even the United Nations, where many of the potshots at multinationals are taken, was compelled to note in a recent report that the "multinational corporations have developed distinct advantages which can be put to the service of world development. Their ability to tap financial, physical, and human resources around the world and to combine them in economically feasible and commercially profitable activities, their capacity to develop new technology and skills, and their productive and managerial ability to translate resources into specific outputs have proved to be outstanding."

I find it difficult to recognize the real multinational company in the distorted pictures that are painted. To U. S. labor unions, for example, multinationals are exporters of U. S. jobs. They are also accused of being exploiters, modern instruments of imperialism, and challenges to the governments in countries where they operate. It is charged that they are too powerful and too submissive; that they export capital from the United States to finance industries in developing countries; and that they subsidize the U. S. consumer at the expense of developing countries.

THE RANGE of the criticisms and the obvious contradictions in them astonish me. They certainly do not apply to my company, or, I suspect, to any significant number of other multinationals. My company, for example, does not export jobs. On the contrary, our overseas operations have actually *increased* the level of employment in the United States. Aside from enjoying the benefit of the many Americans employed in our worldwide exploration and production operations, U. S. industry is obviously advanced by the crude oil we produce and purchase internationally. Without it, U. S. refineries could not run at their present rate, and we would be buying most of our imported oil from foreign, not American, companies. Considering that almost 40 percent of the oil the United States uses comes from abroad, that would be a serious step backward indeed.

And we're not just talking of oil. According to a U. S. Tariff Commission study for the five-year period from 1966 until 1970, U. S. multinationals as a whole outperformed other U. S. companies in increasing the number of domestic jobs. So much for that myth.

What about the charge that multinationals exploit and manipulate the developing world? Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has responded: "Transnational enterprises have been powerful instruments of modernization both in the industrial nations, where they conduct most of their operations, and in the developing countries, where there is often no substitute for their ability. . . ." But powerful in the political arena they are not. The many government seizures of corporate assets provide ample evidence that countries, not companies, wield the real power. In other words, the weakest country is stronger than the most powerful company. And in recent years home countries have not been notably successful in efforts to attain redress for their commercial enterprises. Thus, in the last analysis, the multinational corporation has only one defense. If kicked around too much by a government, it can pick up its marbles and go home.

Naturally, we would prefer to stay, surviving through persuasion, negotiation, and compromise. And we think to do so is in the world's interest, not just ours. The world needs instruments that will keep commerce out of confrontation with politics. And I think many people would agree that a well-managed business can do a commercial job better than any government, any time.

Some would argue that governments

Rawleigh Warner, Jr., is chairman of the board of directors and chief executive officer of Mobil Oil Corporation.

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non-discriminatory or conform to the norms of international law. (The resolution also asserted all states' rights to nationalize economic activities without mentioning any duty to pay compensation.)

In December 1974 the United Nations went still farther in adopting, by a vote of 120 to 6 in the General Assembly, a Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of States. Article 2 provides that if a country expropriates a foreign-owned company, any disagreements about the compensation shall be settled "under domestic law of the nationalizing country" and "by its tribunals." Fortunately for the future of international investment, the charter is only a recommendatory resolution, lacking the force of law. Otherwise, it might preclude an investor and a foreign state from effectively contracting in advance to submit disputes to international arbitration. And it certainly would prevent companies from suing in courts of another country, as Kennecott Copper and British Petroleum did in European courts after expropriations in Chile and Libya. State Department officials have labeled the charter "a step backward."

Considering the composition of the United Nations, dominated by an irresponsible majority of anti-Western Third World dictatorships, U. S. officials never had much chance of deflecting its attack. Anticipating that the United Nations would write just such an unfair, one-sided "code of conduct" as it seems about to do, the United States supported a similar effort by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. Since the OECD's 24 member states are drawn largely from Europe, American strategists figured that the result would be more evenhanded and might even help sway the United Nations toward a more moderate stand. The tactic backfired. A draft code issued last fall by the OECD is "much worse than anything we contemplated," says one U. S. source close to the situation. The code proposed, among other things, that companies be required to divulge confidential financial data about their operations and taxes, country by country. The proposal would be, as one pained businessman puts it, "an open invitation to the world's tax collectors to raise taxes everywhere."

WORST OF ALL, although the proposed code would place tough restrictions on private multinational corporations, it is silent about government-owned enterprises and private national enterprises. With strong support from the business community, the United States is pressing for a parallel code of conduct for governments in dealing with multinational companies.

Remarkably, U. S. companies have so far been successful in staving off efforts in Congress to take away their right to defer paying income taxes on foreign profits until they are repatriated. Such a move would put U. S. companies at a disadvantage with multinationals based in other countries, none of which tax foreign earnings until remitted home. They have also dissuaded the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee—so far—from voting to end their right to deduct foreign income taxes from their U. S. income taxes. If such a law were enacted, the loss of the foreign tax credit would mean double taxation, raising the effective tax rate on foreign earnings of U. S. companies from 48 percent to about 73 percent.

Sorting Out the Issues

In their fight to keep the United Nations and foreign countries from ham-

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could negotiate for oil better than companies can. But the record does not bear this position out. The French government negotiated on its own at the height of the 1973–74 embargo; yet despite a favored position with the Arab countries, France wound up paying the going price. Neither the United States nor any other oil-consuming nation has been able to sit down and negotiate successfully with the producing countries for the simple reason that too many non-commercial, political factors get in the way.

To others, the multinational oil companies seemed too submissive in the embargo. However, these critics lose sight of the worldwide "juggling" act we performed at the peak of the crisis, when we made sure that embargoed nations received oil from producing countries not participating in the boycott. Had we not been able to juggle supply sources in this way, service-station lines would have been much longer, tempers shorter, and the consequences more serious.

Even when there are no embargoes, the worldwide movement of oil is an incredibly complex business that needs precisely the kind of coping mechanism that the companies provide. For no nation has exactly the right mix of different-quality oils. People may think that oil is oil, but Libyan oil differs substantially from Canadian oil, as beefsteak differs from a lamb roast. The international oil industry is able to direct different grades of crude oil from many countries to refineries around the world where these crudes are blended into the products most needed locally. But even in the manufacturing stage, nations still cannot produce exactly the right products in exactly the right quantities to meet all their consuming needs. Northern countries, for example, generally need more fuel oil in relation to gasoline than do southern countries. The worldwide logistical capabilities of multinational oil companies allow them to move excess products from country to country, filling each nation's precise requirements. It's a constant balancing act.

For developing nations, multinational companies bring special benefits, because corporate capital stimulates development of resources. Peter Drucker calls this the "trigger" effect. In short, multinationals provide the spark, igniting development. This is precisely what has happened in Saudi Arabia, Nigeria, Venezuela, and Singapore, to cite only a few of many examples.

Multinationals also have the flexibility of broadening economic opportunity within developed countries by siting plants in depressed regions. Multinationals have been in the forefront in Italy, for example, in industrializing the depressed southern end of the country. Although such investment decisions are made for business reasons, not for altruistic ones, the economic gains are no less real.

Critics of multinationals often ignore these obvious, positive contributions to the social and economic order. Unfortunately, they are frequently hidden by a smokescreen of ill-conceived charges. Take the allegation that multinationals manipulate their operations to avoid taxes. No one has yet shown us how. Last year, for example, out of every three dollars we earned, Mobil had to return two dollars in income taxes to governments around the world.

"Multinationals cause poverty and retard development," another argument states. Come now. If that were so, why do developing countries actively compete for investment by the multinationals?

(Continued on page 57.)

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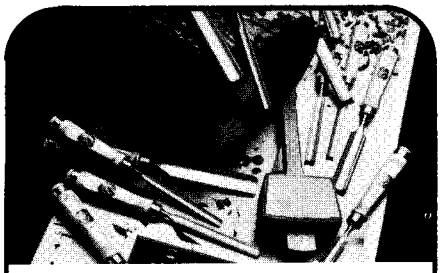

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stringing multinational companies, U. S. businessmen have found an ally in Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Addressing the U. N. General Assembly last fall, he praised multinational companies as "one of the most effective engines of development" and added that "the controversy over their role and conduct is itself an obstacle to development."

Somewhat similar views come from the Manhattan-based National Foreign Trade Council, a private, non-profit, non-partisan business association. "The major problem today," said the council in a policy declaration last November, "is not how to further restrict or leash the multinational enterprise but . . . how to encourage [it] to continue performing its essential international economic role."

A large element of socialist philosophy runs through the efforts to curb the multinational corporation. Jacques G. Maisonrouge, chairman of IBM World Trade Corporation, recently defined the struggle as "the latest manifestation of the long tug-of-war between the private and collective control of property." Many other businessmen would agree, but the conflict is not quite that simple.

THE FRAGILITY of the multinationals' arrangements for doing business abroad has legal underpinnings derived from the Napoleonic code, which holds that if changing circumstances make a contract impracticable for either party it should be revised. (In contrast, the U. S. Constitution explicitly prohibits states from passing any law "impairing the obligation of contracts.") The French doctrine has given rise to the notion that a sovereign state can override all commercial commitments. British economist Paul Frankel once observed that "this has downgraded international intercourse to the level of the jungle." In any case, the "new economic order" means that nowhere in the world is private foreign investment safe from the xenophobic pressures of nationalism. What began in oil is spreading throughout the world.

The recent surge of nationalistic fervor contains other seeds of evil. It is precisely because multinational companies can, and do, rise above the parochial interests of sovereign states that we ought to applaud their growth in the interests of world prosperity and, ultimately, abiding peace. Northcote Parkinson, the British historian, put the case well in his book *Big Business*:

If we are to save our civilization from tragedy, it will be through applying to politics the trained intelligence and methodical thought that we have already applied to science and technology. But even that will not be enough if we fail to apply the lessons of big business: the lessons of organization and control and, above all, of the international approach. . . . The whole idea of nationality rests upon divergent interests and mutual suspicion, sharply drawn frontiers, and ill-concealed fear. Set quite apart from the blood-stained arena of nationalism is the new world of big business, a world where the jealousies of the nation-states are actually forgotten. If we are to have a prosperous future, we shall owe it to men who have already learned how to cooperate and see the world as one.

The trouble with Professor Parkinson's vision of a world stripped of quarreling nation-states—many with selfish oligarchical elites and dictatorial rulers —is that nobody knows how to get from here to there. That is, to be sure, a depressing prospect. For nation-states and the fervid nationalism that they all too often inspire are surely one of the worst conceivable arrangements for the governance of a small planet. Yet, as Professor Vernon points out, the nation-state "is the only legitimate political process we've got, so the people of the world use it to do things for themselves. It's a terrible system, but everything else is worse." The practical probability is that both multinational corporations and nation-states are going to be around for quite a long time to come, and the frictions between the two will continue, if not increase.

MANY BUSINESSMEN insist that the great growth of multinational companies is ending, if not already over. However, an upturn in global prosperity could give such predictions a short life span. It does seem likely that multinationals and governments will be able to compose their differences sooner in industrial countries than in the Third World, if only because nationhood is more important to the elite of underdeveloped countries than it is in industrial states. From today's perspective, multinational companies and the Third World are moving on a collision course that might, at the extreme, simply dry up much foreign investment. Still, as executive vice-president Wylie Robson of Eastman Kodak observes, "The more time that elapses, the more chance for cooling off." The economic interdependence of the world's 140 nations rises year by year. The great question is whether enough politicians and rulers will recognize the mutual benefits of cooperation before the increasingly global economy suffers serious damage. ☐

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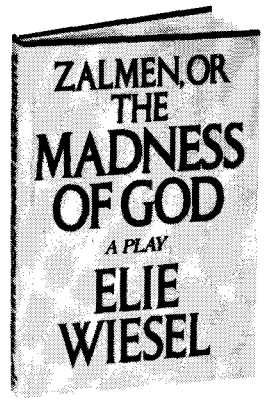

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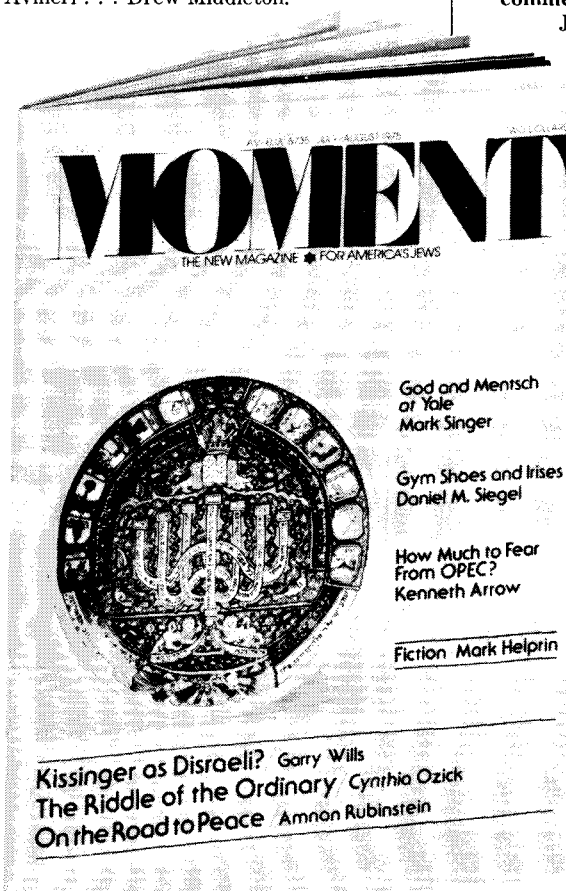
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Writing the Rule Book

The task ahead is the formulation of laws that will effectively control, yet not strangle, the big corporations.

by Richard C. Longworth

Multinational corporations have bloomed and broadened in the nearest thing to a legal vacuum that a businessman could want. In many areas where they operate, there are no laws at all. In others there are so many laws, differing from country to country, that the corporations can pick and choose.

The task for the next decade is to write a single rule book—a body of international law, enforceable on multinationals wherever they go. The need is clear, if only because some limits must be put on operations that are so big and can, consciously or unconsciously, cause so much damage. Such a law does not mean crippling the giant firms: even their critics acknowledge that multinationals, properly controlled, are the world's best bet for a spread of knowledge, technology, and industry to the poorer nations. Rather, it means that the firms must learn to operate abroad within the same sort of legal framework that they have accepted for decades at home if they are to benefit the world in the same way that industry has benefited the West. For the multinationals, such a framework might even be a good thing: the International Chamber of Commerce feels that "many problems and misunderstandings would disappear if developing nations had fully fledged laws, efficient and independent auditing systems, fair tax systems, and clear and effective labor laws."

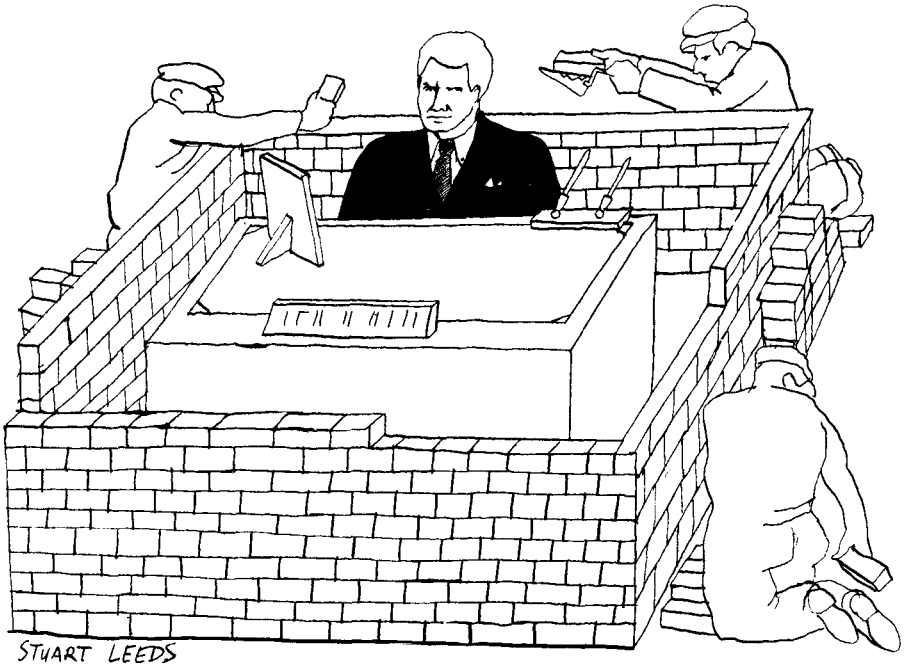
Yet even the industrialized nations are only beginning to control the activities of multinationals. Poorer nations, most of them commanding fewer legal resources than do the multinationals themselves, can only hope for the best; to get tough would send the corporations and their money fleeing to other, more hospitable countries.

The problem, being global, is hard to see from one nation alone. That's why it has crept so slowly into the public notice. And that's also why (international cooperation being such an underdeveloped tool) so little has been done. For the solution must be global, with single worldwide laws, or it will be no solution at all. It is a formidable task, never before tried, although several agencies are having a shot at it now—the United Nations, for instance, with a "code of conduct," or the European Common Market, with plans for a single "company law" governing firms operating in Europe. But a code of conduct can be only an act of faith, and the European project will apply only to that continent and may be toothless to boot.

Perhaps the most interesting and promising work is being done by the same people who helped tame business in the Thirties—the labor unions. Direct weapons, such as multinational strikes by multinational unions (on which more later), are still in their infancy. But the groundwork for a legal code is being laid by, among others, the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU), a Brussels-based organization linking 115 non-Communist unions in 89 nations (not to be confused with either the World Confederation of Labor, a smaller and very left-wing group of Christian unions, also based in Brussels, or the Communist, Prague-based World Federation of Trade Unions, both of which would probably throttle the multinationals if they had the chance). American labor is not involved in this project. George Meany pulled the AFL-CIO out of the ICFTU in 1969 because the international body, in a prelude to détente, established contacts with Soviet-bloc unions. Today, the Mineworkers are the only American union in the ICFTU, while Meany snipes at the multinationals by urging Congress to pass protectionist laws.

From their headquarters near the medieval precincts of the Grand' Place in Brussels, ICFTU experts spent four years working out a "Charter of Trade Union Demands for the Legislative Control of Multinational Companies." This charter is stressed here, not because the ICFTU is particularly powerful (it is not), but because its ideas sum up so much of the more sober thinking on the subject and because it takes a tough but well-researched approach that avoids the death-to-capitalism extremes adopted by many of the multinationals' critics. When laws are passed to deal with multinationals, they probably will look something like the charter's "demands."

The charter, passed at the ICFTU



Taming the global corporation—"American businessmen, spooked these many years by the specter of Communist subversion, may be startled to learn that much of the world considers them *subversive."*

Richard C. Longworth is European diplomatic correspondent for UPI.

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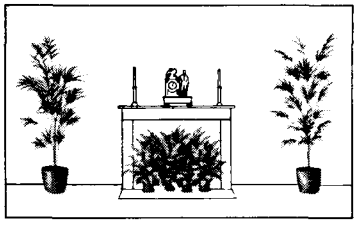

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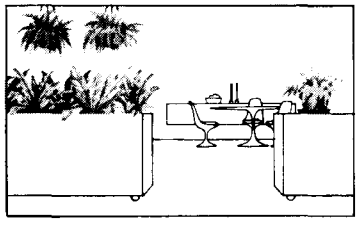

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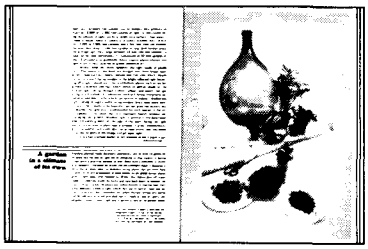

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congress in Mexico in the autumn, outlines laws to force multinationals to give necessary information to governments and unions, to prevent ruinous national competition for investment, to control investment and takeovers, to combat price-fixing, to end tax evasion, to stop abuse of patent laws, to block money speculation, and to give unions a fair shake.

The charter considers the multinationals poor citizens. It says:

These companies owe no allegiance to any nation-state. They mostly seek to escape any form of democratic control or social responsibility. They are guided primarily by motives of expansion and profit-maximization. . . . They can juggle exports and imports by fixing artificial prices for transfers between the parent firm and/or its foreign subsidiaries. They can also manipulate dividends, tax payments, and capital movements. . . . In the internal political affairs of countries, the methods used have ranged from the large-scale bribery of politicians to the active promotion of subversive movements aiming at the overthrow of democratically elected governments.

American businessmen, spooked these many years by the specter of Communist subversion, may be startled to learn that much of the world considers *them* subversive.

At the moment, the ICFTU says, the multinationals have a "license to blackmail the developing countries, to disrupt the economies of the industrial countries, to export pollution, and in general to act without regard for union rights, the health and job security of workers, or for the national sovereignty and economic independence of whole peoples."

For all this, the ICFTU considers the multinationals a necessary evil—"in a predominantly capitalist world economy, there is no visible alternative for the supply of the necessary capital and know-how." The organization's president, West German Otto Kersten, says that "the difference between us and the Communists is that we are not against the multinationals; we just want to avoid their misuse." Indeed, a panicky appendix to the charter, written by the ICFTU's Asian branch, warns that regulation of the multinationals must not dry up their investment in nations which rely on them for development.

THE ICFTU APPROACH, like all others, starts from the assumption that national action—by unions or governments—cannot control multinationals. The ICFTU wants, eventually, an international treaty supervised by a new U. N. agency. In the meantime it thinks that governments could start by setting guidelines for cooperation among themselves to keep

The U. N. Battlefront

For three and a half years now diplomats and officials at the United Nations have been attempting to evolve a formula for coping with multinational corporations. Not surprisingly, they encounter wide differences in approaches and attitudes among member nations. No aspect of the issue reflects this problem more vividly than the struggle to produce a "code of conduct" acceptable to an entire spectrum of capitalist, Western, Socialist, and Communist states.

At the core of the disagreement is the old-fashioned question of private versus state ownership—and the immediate corollary of foreign interests intruding upon national sovereignty. The Soviet Union and Eastern European nations, joined by numerous "Third World states," have demanded rules aimed solely at private corporations while the United States and some of its allies say any code should also apply to state-owned international agencies and companies.

This kind of fundamental East-West, socialist-capitalist division emerged clearly at the first session, last March, of the United Nations Commission on Transnational Corporations. A major contributing factor, of course, is the fact that Third World countries fear foreign economic exploitation and political interference regardless of their views on capitalism. Thus 11 Latin-American governments, led by Argentina, finally polarized the meeting in March with a paper reflecting traditional sensitivities regarding neo-colonial and "imperialist" influence. "The transnational corporations shall be subject to the laws and regulations of the receiving country," began the paper, described as "a basis for preliminary work for a code of conduct," and "they should be subject to the exclusive jurisdiction of the courts of the country in which they operate."

THE KEY IDEA here is "exclusive jurisdiction," for it implies exactly what American and Western European countries want to avoid—an agreement that gives Third World nations the right under international law to do with multinational corporations on their own soil pretty much as they please. High on a list of "areas of concern" enumerated by the United States, France, West Germany, Great Britain, and Italy were suggestions for rules on "expropriation of properties," "recourse to international arbitration," "the observance and non-observance of contracts and agreements"—and a range of other potentially controversial issues. The American paper in effect responded directly to yet another "list of areas of concern," this one submitted by the entire "Group of 77" Third World nations in the United Nations.

The suggestions of the "Group of 77"—if they were really to form the basis for a code—could undermine multinational enterprise almost everywhere outside the United States and Western Europe. Among areas cited were "negative attitudes" of transnational corporations "toward the renegotiations of original concessions," "direct or indirect interference in the internal affairs of host countries," and "the contribution of TNCs [sic] in the maintenance of racist and colonial regimes and support of policies of apartheid and foreign occupation"—the latter an obvious jibe against Israel as well as South Africa. Logically enough, the Soviet Union, joined by Bulgaria and East Germany, submitted its own note fully supporting that of the "Group of 77" and proposing further study on just two points: "the negative attitude of TNCs" on labor problems and "the negative impact of TNCs on economic relations between states, particularly by short-term massive capital movements and price policy, aggravating inflation, the monetary, and the raw-material situation."

The formulation of a code, then, has largely turned into a little-publicized propaganda battle of the sort that erupts periodically on other more immediate political and military issues before the Security Council and the General Assembly. Ironically, it was

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track of the multinationals; by harmonizing their laws on investments and taxation to keep the corporations from playing one country off against the others; and then by moving on to true international treaties.

Here, specifically, are the laws the ICFTU wants:

INFORMATION. Governments cannot plan and unions cannot bargain unless they have exact financial accounts and other data, "not only for the branch in any particular country but also for the parent company." These reports should include a worldwide report on operations, profits, sales, cash flow, investment expenditure, borrowing, taxes, wages, employment, ownership, links with other firms, subcontracting, worldwide export figures—the works. They should also reveal any tax rebates or other incentives given by governments.

"The prospect of multinational unions directing multinational strikes terrifies many businessmen. So far, unions have spent more time talking about this weapon than using it."

UNIONS. Each multinational must work with local unions, tell them of plans and policies, and even enable representatives of unions at its scattered branches to come together from around the world three times yearly. No worker can be fired by a multinational unless it arranges for another job.

SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS. The charter opposes *all* incentives by governments to lure investment, but the ICFTU's Kersten calls this "a maximum request." More realistic, he feels, is an agreement among governments harmonizing incentive policies so that cutthroat competition will end. The charter says multinationals must use production methods that contribute to the development of the host nation. Even more, it insists that the firms "contribute to a fund for the development of that country's social infrastructure." Anticipating squawks, it protests that "this is not a question of discriminating against the multinationals, but rather of redressing to some extent the balance of power of the companies and . . . their workers who are limited within a national context, just as indeed are the governments."

INVESTMENT. To control investment

the United States that originally proposed a U. N. study, in 1972, of "the evils," as one American diplomat wryly put it, "of multinationals around the world." That gesture, far from indicating any socialist tendencies in the State Department, was a device designed to deflect demands by the Allende regime, then in power in Chile, for a U. N. resolution severely criticizing and reprimanding multinational corporations—notably ITT—for their nefarious activities in Chile alone.

In July of 1972 the U. N. Economic and Social Council asked a "group of eminent persons" to "study the role of multinational corporations and their impact on the process of development. . . ." The "Group," ranging from New York's Sen. Jacob Javits to I. D. Ivanov, chief of the economic division of the Soviet Union's Institute for U. S. Studies, and Pierre Uri, economics professor at the University of Paris, conducted lengthy hearings and finally recommended formation of both the Commission on Transnational Corporations and a full-time professional New York research center. The former, including representatives of 48 nations, meets only once a year—but can delay if not blockade effective action on reports and studies emanating from the center. "There is a place for a fair and equitable code of conduct for both industry and government," said a somewhat frustrated American economic expert, "but the Russians want a center only to study the wrongs of multinational corporations."

That view, however, greatly oversimplifies the nature of the conflict. For one thing, representatives of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Greece, and the Netherlands have said they, too, do not necessarily subscribe to the conventional "Western" view. They, too, believe that multinational corporations headquartered in the United States and the larger powers of Western Europe are too strong—and they may carve out their own independent position. Then, too, not all Third World nations share quite the same degree of hostility toward multinationals—and privately they may prefer to minimize the import of their public endorsement of the "Group of 77." One of the "important things in our work is consensus, meaning lengthy negotiations and compromise," noted Sotiris Mousouris, senior economist at the center, countering the notion that perhaps the center could not produce constructive results.

"It is possible," Mousouris pointed out, "to work on parallel problems to achieve specific agreements on issues such as taxation, labor and industrial relations, disclosure of information, uniform standards in accounting, consumer protection—you can have agreement on areas where disagreements are not so great. You will find agreement finally when both 'home' and 'host' countries have areas of common interest." Viewed in those terms, then, the efforts of the United Nations on multinational corporate problems might well contribute to both understanding and efficiency. But a code of conduct? "We are in a period where nationalism is more felt than in the past," averred Gustave Feissel, an official in the office of Klaus Sahlgren, assistant secretary of the United Nations and executive director of the center, in an almost philosophical mood. "Hence this code must be very general," Feissel reasoned, "but how useful it will be is another matter."

And yet another matter, U. N. officials implied without stating explicitly, was whether or not the U. N. machinery was capable of resolving such far-reaching differences and agreeing on any code at all. Some diplomats wonder openly whether some other international body may be better equipped to come up with an acceptable code. So far the only other serious effort has emanated from the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris—a set of "confidential guidelines" that apply only to the conduct of multinational corporations in Western countries. Most U. N. diplomats, it would seem, continue to regard the world body as the logical framework for study and debate on the matter—even if the only result is to highlight and publicize the issues.

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(Continued from page 27.)

and to contain the multinationals' power, the firms must get government approval before investing in a nation and must deposit money to compensate workers if the factory closes down later. A foreign multinational may take over a local factory only if its workers agree.

ANTITRUST. Whenever a multinational "dominates" an area of a country's economy, it will face price ceilings and bans on price-fixing, cartels, discriminatory pricing, selective selling, or deliberate underproduction. Laws would block attempts to crush local competition through mergers, which governments must approve.

TAXES. Tax officials around the world will swap information, to "combat tax evasion and abuse of double taxation conventions." The officials will monitor "the use of fictitious transfer prices, royalties, debt repayments, and the division of overhead expenses between the parent company and/or its branches in various countries, the switching . . . of the lion's share of total profits to low-tax or tax-haven countries, and the perfectly legal but morally indefensible tax advantages granted as incentives to invest." Most important, taxes in each nation would be prorated on the basis of the multinational's total profit, not on the easily manipulated profit-and-loss statement of each individual branch.

TECHNOLOGY. Technology introduced by multinationals must help a developing nation without distorting its economy. The charter suggests that governments approve any products or technology before they are introduced into a country. In addition, it wants a new patent law, replacing the Paris Convention of 1883, which allows a patent-holder to charge what the traffic will bear. That often means that local firms must pay exorbitant fees to use technology introduced by a multinational into their country. Patents should still be protected, but their sale should be based on fixed fees.

MONEY. The ICFTU says that currency speculation by the multinationals and big international banks caused the 1971–73 money crises. The multinationals say that they had to protect themselves by taking their money out of weak currencies, such as the dollar, and putting it into strong currencies, such as the deutsche mark. The ICFTU disputes this argument and says that the multinationals, which can send billions of dollars spinning around the globe at the lift of a telephone, spurred on the crisis, weakened the dollar still further by deserting it, and undermined economies of developing nations that held dollars or other weak currencies. Any new system, the ICFTU recognizes, must end this kind of speculation without choking the country-to-country capital movements that are vital to normal international business. "We've got to join liberal capital movements with social obligations," Kersten says. "We can't drive economies to a recession, and we're not talking about limiting ordinary cash flows. But these flows must be kept to the money needed for operations—not for manipulation or speculation." A key to such controls would be a reporting system, set up by governments, to keep an eye on money movements by multinationals.

STRIKES. The ICFTU particularly wants the legal right to hold international sympathy strikes. In most nations workers can strike only in their own behalf, not to support workers in other countries—even if they all work for the same company. The ICFTU knows that the strike remains its best weapon—that Ford or IBM could ignore a strike in Africa or Asia but not a sympathy strike in Michigan or New York.

ALL THIS IS STILL NO MORE than a gleam in the eyes of the ICFTU and its allies within the United Nations, the Common Market, Third World groups, and Western governments. It will take years to achieve. Kersten admits that the demands that may be won last could be those concerning unions themselves. Many Third World leaders, particularly the more dictatorial ones, have banned or cowed their own unions and are not about to agree to any international treaties on workers' rights.

But there are reasons for thinking that the ICFTU demands now may form the basis of international law later. One reason is the legal vacuum surrounding multinationals that must be filled; by stabilizing the treatment of multinationals and by protecting them against uncompensated nationalizations, the laws would give the companies rights as well as duties. Another reason is the steam that the issue is generating around the world. A third persuasive reason is the fact that unions, which have a clout that the United Nations has never packed, have adopted the cause.

The prospect of multinational unions directing multinational strikes terrifies many businessmen. But, so far, unions have spent more time talking about this

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weapon than wielding it. There have been instances of European unions' backing workers in other countries in strikes against such giants as Ford, Dunlop-Pirelli, and Honeywell Bull, mostly by blocking attempts to import foreign workers to replace strikers. In the best-known case so far, unions in West Germany, Belgium, and Holland staged coordinated strikes to keep AKZO/Enka, a Dutch chemical combine, from closing factories in the Netherlands. That action took place three years ago, and the plants are still operating.

Kersten is hopeful that this cooperation will grow. But the growth is slow, and the evidence is more with British businessman John Humble who, in a recent pro-multinationals pamphlet, argued that "self-interested nationalism" would hamper the international labor movement. The internationalism of workers has traditionally been overrated; when the chips are down, they can be counted on to pick king and country over their foreign brothers at the lathe. (Marx knew this; his *Communist Manifesto*, in the original German, was addressed not to the "workers of the world," but to the "workers of all countries," a significant nuance.)

In the meantime, the ICFTU is likely to strike a more responsive chord with its proposals for international legal control of the multinationals. Kersten plans to lobby for them "on every level at our disposal—it's an international, regional, and national task." For openers, the charter is being presented to the United Nations through the Economic and Social Council and the new U. N. Information and Research Center on multinationals, to the International Labor Organization in Geneva (which the United States, egged on by Meany, also is threatening to quit), to governments of industrialized nations, and to the Third World's "Group of 77."

It is clear that the multinationals are simply going to have to acknowledge more responsibility for the countries where they operate. The alternative is coercion, ranging from the unpleasantness that congressional committees have been visiting on the oil giants to outright nationalization. For the unions of the United States and other Western nations, the coming duels with the multinationals may enable them to rise above the protectionist and regressive policies that occupy so many of them today, to prosecute a new cause in their older and better tradition. □

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The Nadezhda Archipelago

Among Russia's self-appointed carriers of culture, none is more vibrant and forceful than the widow of Osip Mandelshtam.

Inge Morath: Magnum

Nadezhda Mandelshtam—"As unquenchable as life itself."

by Hedrick Smith

The most vital and bracing cultural life in Russia is outlawed and therefore private. It is the art least adulterated by official canons, the most original, the least compromised, and the most threatening to the official cultural world. The State knows of its existence and, fearing it, has—in the words of writer-in-exile Lev Navrozov—"dispersed it into tiny islets."

These islets form a hidden archipelago whose life is far less well known than the life of the Gulag archipelago, so powerfully portrayed by Solzhenitsyn. Yet its existence is every bit as characteristic of Soviet society. In this private realm great art and literature survive—the richness of the pre-revolutionary Silver Age of Russian culture, the brilliant abstract art of the early Soviet period, the incomparable writing of poets pilloried or persecuted to death in the Thirties. This art not only is purposefully excluded from official culture but also is being intentionally forgotten. It survives because a few undaunted individuals have nominated themselves as keepers of culture otherwise lost to contemporary Soviet society.

Mostly, it is the elderly who preserve a human link with the past and nourish a younger generation curious to know its full cultural heritage. For in a nation where history is constantly written and rewritten to suit the present needs of rulers, and where controversial cultural figures are frozen into vulgarized caricatures of themselves to fit the Procrustean mold of State Culture, the tradition of oral history is not just a luxury to aid future scholars but a vital and trusted source of cultural continuity. The old Russian saying that a child's education begins with that of his grandfather takes on special meaning when grandfathers preserve so much lore and knowledge that would be lost without their presence.

Widows and sons of great poets like Osip Mandelshtam and Boris Pasternak sustain both the memory of those remarkable men and a tactile flesh-and-blood feel of the times in which they moved. Sometimes unexpected guardians of the past emerge. Naum Kleiman, a dedicated young admirer of the great Sergei Eisenstein, not only has single-handedly kept in being an apartment-museum of that genius of cinema but also has initiated such projects as the careful reconstruction from a few extant film clips of an Eisenstein movie (*Bezhen Lug*) that had so enraged Stalinist censors with its ideological heresies that they burned all the reels both times Eisenstein made the film. George Kostakis, a Russian-born Greek now in his 60s, has patiently pulled together a subterranean collection of the dazzling Russian avant-garde art of the Twenties and transformed his apartment into what I found the most striking "art museum" in Moscow. In spite of official taboos, canvases of Kandinsky, Chagall, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, and many others cram every wall of every room, psychedelically overpowering those who come unprepared for such hidden treasure.

For the privileged denizens of the private archipelago of culture, the anniversary of some date the State chooses to ignore often becomes an occasion for unorthodox gatherings of the modern equivalent of the 19th-century literary salons. I remember how, on one cool spring day, I went to the writers' colony at Peredelkino, where scores of Muscovites, young and old, were making an annual pilgrimage to the grave of Boris Pasternak, whose poetry—some officially recognized but some still *verboten*—was read into the night by younger poets. Another such gathering at the home of

Hedrick Smith was Moscow bureau chief for The New York Times *from 1971 to 1974. This article is adapted from his forthcoming book* The Russians, *to be published by Quadrangle.*

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a much-loved children's writer, the late Kornei Chukovsky, was seized upon by a group of intellectuals as an opportunity for literary discourse, dramatic readings, and ad-lib performances that evoked the glories of the Silver Age.

As Solzhenitsyn's writings have shown, self-appointed unofficial historians have preserved the personal documentation of the Stalinist repressions that the Party has tried assiduously to banish from public recollection. And underground balladeers, whose audience has been magnified by the portable tape recorder, now preserve the mood and memories of those years.

OF ALL the self-appointed carriers of culture, Nadezhda Mandelshtam personifies most clearly the living conduit of knowledge that is officially dead. Her frail husband, Osip Mandelshtam, perhaps the greatest Russian poet of the century, paid with his life for a 14-line poem that mocked Stalin as "the Kremlin mountaineer, the murderer" with a "cockroach whiskers leer" and "fingers fat as grubs." Mandelshtam vanished in the Stalinist camps, dead roughly in 1938—no one has pinpointed the date. In 1973, after being delayed by censors for 13 years, a collection of some of his poetry was published and marketed almost entirely abroad, in callous disregard of the hunger for Mandelshtam's work among his own people. The volume was bereft, not surprisingly, of his most trenchant verses, those either too virile or too tragic for Soviet censors. Those poems have appeared only in the West, thanks to his widow's tenacious efforts to insure that the legacy did not perish. Like a hunted rabbit, as Joseph Brodsky put it, she dodged about the country for years after his death, avoiding arrest and preserving the treasure of Mandelshtam's poetry by scattering it among friends for safekeeping and memorizing practically every line, thus making herself a living archive.

"If you get me started," she said to me one afternoon, "I can recite for three hours without stopping." It would have been impossible that afternoon, for Nadezhda Yakovlevna—as her Russian friends call her—was rasping and coughing from a variety of ailments aggravated, I am sure, by the pungent tobacco of the strong, foul-smelling Russian *papirosy*, the tube cigarettes to which she is addicted in spite of an ulcer and her 72 years. She would puff and cough, puff and cough, put out one vile tube and light another, twisting its hollow stem, Russian-style, for a filter. But judging from her coughing, it did not filter much. Sometimes she looked as pale and ancient as death, but she was in fact as unquenchable as life itself—short, sturdy, "tough—as women have to be," she herself liked to boast.

Nadezhda Yakovlevna was also flattered by anything that caused her to play the role of poet's widow and to recall her anguished but halcyon martyrdom with her beloved Osip. One evening, I remember how a pilgrimage to her apartment by Jan Meyer, a slavic specialist from the University of Utrecht, prompted her to rattle off, from dossiers secreted under her bed, 10 variations of one of Mandelshtam's longer poems, while Meyer scribbled away furiously and I held her wobbly, porcelain-topped kitchen table steady for him to write upon.

Young Russian intellectuals hovered around her like acolytes, attending to her housekeeping, while she preached

or lectured as long as energy held out. She would either lie on her side in bed when an ailing leg kept her from getting up or, wrapped in a faded green housecoat, would sit on the high-backed settee that occupied half of her tiny kitchen. Her one bedroom-living room was absolutely crammed with a disorderly clutter of books, icons, records, paintings, furniture—more books than furniture—and dried flowers, brought to her long ago by admiring friends and evidently too precious a remembrance of them or of nature to be thrown away. It was impossible for more than three or four people to gather around her without someone knocking over a vase of dried flowers.

In such a setting, she would open up an entire universe to her listeners with her vivid recollections not just of Mandelshtam but also of legendary Russian poets like Akhmatova, Tsvetaeva, Pasternak, and Bely, or writers like Bulgakov, Zoschenko, Platonov, or Pilniak, an entire constellation of Russian culture for half a century, all of whom she had known personally. More than anything, she relished a chance to have others confirm her husband's preeminent place in the firmament, but not cheaply. One of her favorite intellectual sports was to challenge someone else to come up with a great intellectual figure or a writer from anywhere in the world, in order to undercut the candidate and reassure herself that no one was a match for Mandelshtam, and to reaffirm her own judgment that not only Russian culture but all world culture was irreversibly in decline.

Her own vinegary judgments of art and people were rendered as unsparingly as by the Old Testament Jehovah. In the incestuous world of the Moscow intelligentsia, where important writers not only know each other but are often related or married to each other's former wives or husbands, this trait turned many old friends away from her permanently when her naked verdicts appeared in her two remarkable books, *Hope Against Hope* and *Hope Abandoned*. Especially after the second book was published in the West, we knew several free-spirited intellectuals who so resented her having dismissed people as weak-willed toadies, informers, or the like, that they would no longer join her coterie or visit her apartment. Some were embittered that she had criticized others from the relative safety of her world prominence, while other people less well known, and hence more vulnerable, could not afford to speak out candidly in reply without jeopardizing themselves or giving ammunition to the authorities against her, which they were loath to do.

Perhaps her tartness was a sign of age. Once, when we were talking with Nadezhda Yakovlevna about the problem of being Jewish in the Soviet Union, the discussion touched on the late Ilya Ehrenburg, whose famous novel, *The Thaw*, lent its name to the period of Khrushchevian cultural liberalism of the late Fifties and early Sixties. I recalled Ehrenburg's remark that "It is impossible not to feel Jewish when there is anti-Semitism in one's homeland."

"That's the only good thing he said," Nadezhda Yakovlevna declared. The acidity of her comment surprised me because Ehrenburg had been a lifelong friend of the Mandelshtams, and also because he had presided in 1965 at

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a rare evening in Osip Mandelshtam's honor. I suggested that for foreigners, Ehrenburg was a more complex figure, but she came back quickly: "His specialty was deceiving foreigners." She meant deceiving them into thinking that he was more liberal than he in fact was, which is still a much-practiced technique of writers, journalists, scientists, and intellectuals interested in ingratiating themselves with Westerners. When I asked her by whom we were being deceived now, unhesitatingly she replied, "You are now being deceived by Yevtushenko and Voznesensky."

She was equally harsh in her judgment of the Western world, whose literature she knew fairly well since she had read widely in English, French, and German and had talked with a number of Western scholars and writers who had visited the Soviet Union. In her estimation, T. S. Eliot was "a great poet" and William Faulkner a "great prose writer." She admired them both for their Christian belief and for their art, for Christianity was a vital matter to her. "Tell me a great American writer since Faulkner," she would demand. Saul Bellow she found tedious. Nabokov was only a craftsman. W. H. Auden and Robert Lowell were not on a par with the greats. Hemingway was shallow. F. Scott Fitzgerald she felt was better because he captured the spirit of an age and he loved America.

ALTHOUGH Nadezhda Yakovlevna had the tensile strength of steel and the authorities had not harassed her in recent years, treating her as a non-person, the fear that followed her for years after her husband's arrest in May 1934 still haunted her. One evening, when my wife and I were alone with her, she was constantly phoning friends, talking to each for only a couple of minutes, like a blind person reaching for the walls in a room, seeking the reassurance of contact with some known point on the compass. The searches of apartments of other intellectuals and their interrogations, particularly pronounced in 1972 and 1973 during the secret-police crackdown against the unofficial *Chronicle of Current Events*, worried her greatly. "I'm always shivering in the evening, but after half an hour I'll stop," she said, rather clinically. I glanced at my watch. It was 8:30. "After nine, *they* don't come," she advised. "*They* are not allowed to come after that." Why she thought that the secret police had a nine o'clock curfew, I don't know. But she was then as convinced of that as she had been earlier that they would get her before she could write Mandelshtam's story and get it out to the West to be published. "I was greatly afraid when I was writing both my books, but I kept going," she said. "I had to—there was nothing else to do. It was my duty to my husband."

Americans, she protested, had no idea how others lived, especially Russians. She had heard from the poet Robert Lowell, who had read *Hope Against Hope* and remarked, in response to her searing descriptions of the hell of informing, repressions, interrogations, suspicions, midnight arrests, and oppressive fear of the Stalinist era, that things were much the same everywhere, evidently in some effort to console her. "You Americans are wonderful liars," she growled with a knowing smile.

At the time when the exodus of Soviet Jewish intellectuals to Israel and the West was at its peak, in 1972 and 1973, Nadezhda Yakovlevna liked to tease herself and others with the notion of going into exile. But she was far too deeply rooted in Russia, too deeply devoted to her task of passing on to the younger generation what she knew of the past, for anyone to take seriously the possibility that she would depart. But her one wish for many years was to be sure that the complete collection of Mandelshtam's papers would finally find some safe repository, preferably abroad with some Western scholar whom she could trust. That accomplished, she told a friend, "I could die in peace."

So it was arranged for a young American to help convey them out of the country. Nadezhda Yakovlevna had not dared keep them all in her own apartment because she feared a raid by the secret police. They were farmed out to the most trusted young scholars and students. So she had them assembled, perhaps 25 pounds of papers in all, and when they were all at her place, word was passed indirectly to the American to come take them. A day or two later he arrived, and Nadezhda Yakovlevna, who never had patience for trivia, went right to the business.

"You've come," she said, lying in her bed. "I had them all here, but I have sent them away."

Her large brown eyes, searching for a reaction, the creases in her full, masculine head deeper than ever, her wispy hair neatened but not combed, showed how much she had been tested by the decision. To part with that lifeblood legacy was as anguishing for her as to part from Russia itself.

"Do you despise me for being so two-minded?" she asked the young man, in that characteristic, uncompromising biblical way of hers. He shook his head.

"I couldn't do it," she said, this living vessel of Russian culture. "These young people love them. You see, there is always Russia. . . ." And, regardless of risk, that was where she felt they belonged. □

"You might at least turn it off while you're just thinking."

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Idealistic Condottiere

André Malraux
by Jean Lacouture
Translated by Alan Sheridan
Pantheon, 510 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Roy McMullen

In 1923 André Malraux, a 22-year-old dandy in white ducks and sun helmet, was arrested in Phnom Penh for trying to make off with four bas-reliefs he had hacked from a deserted temple in the jungle near Angkor. Thoroughly unabashed, he whispered to Clara, his first wife, that she must not lose heart, for he was quite certain that in spite of everything he would wind up as a second Gabriele d'Annunzio. "And perhaps the funniest part of the story," Clara remarked 40 years later, with a divorced woman's malice, "is that he has really become a Gabriele d'Annunzio."

Not only a d'Annunzio, a lot of people would say. Malraux has also been likened, with varying degrees of justification, to Byron, Chateaubriand, Rimbaud, Nietzsche, Dostoevski, Lawrence of Arabia, Hemingway, and Baron Münchhausen. During his long career as novelist, soldier, minister, and art historian (or art philosopher), he has frequently been praised as a committed man of action, a Carlylean historical hero, and a thinker with a strong, fraternal awareness of the human destiny that can be perceived in both an aborted Asian revolution and a Gothic carving. At the same time he has been denounced as a mere voyeur of history, an egocentric adventurer, a potential Fascist, and a windy dilettante. He himself has propagated confusion by gilding his legend and by a majestic refusal, notably in his aptly titled *Antimémoires*, to discuss the "miserable little pile of secrets" that in his view is all there is to the personal, soberly factual side of what he has dismissed as "my bloody and vain life."

Some refocusing on this evasive personage has been needed, and Jean Lacouture, it turns out, was the right man for the job. As a correspondent for *Le Monde* and *Le Nouvel Observateur* he has long been familiar with Indochina, Franco Spain, and other exotic Malraux territories (including literary Paris, possibly the most exotic of them all); as the author of lives of de Gaulle, Nasser, and Ho Chi Minh he has learned how to handle contemporary myths. For this book he supplemented the usual sorts of written documentation by carefully interviewing both his subject and a large sampling of the persons with whom his subject has been intimately involved, from grammar-school friends to Clara, Resistance fighters, Gaullist politicians, and recent leftist enemies. The result is a brilliantly dense, debunking, but admiring biography of the man whom François Mauriac, a good judge, once described as probably the greatest living French writer "and certainly the oddest."

The debunking, although courteously ironical, is ruthless. Did Malraux really participate, for example, in the Chinese revolutionary events of the Twenties that are so vividly, so reportorially, evoked in his "Asian" novels? By means of nudging silences and a few barefaced deceits he has managed to persuade many readers of *Les Conquérants* and *La Condition humaine*—including such tough-minded ones as Trotsky, Edmund Wilson, and Georges Pompidou—that he did indeed; and on at least two occasions, in flat statements, he has promoted himself retroactively to the rank of a Kuomintang commissar. The force of his myth-making has been such that he has been blamed by a French Communist writer for "the reckless, even provocative insurrection in Canton, which led to the massacre of the workers." Yet the plain facts, occasionally guessed at and now nailed down, are that up to 1965, when he went to Peking as a minister, his only firsthand experiences of China were a five-day trip with Clara to Hongkong and Macao in 1925 and a brief art-collecting visit to the mainland in 1931.

Did he really spend some time in prison with Ho Chi Minh in 1923? No, although in 1965 he told the Chinese foreign minister that he had. Did he really, in 1934, discover the ancient capital of the Queen of Sheba? No, he simply flew over some ruins in the Yemenite desert, and then wrote a series of highly imaginative newspaper articles. How real was the underground "inter-allied command post," which he created in 1944 and which, in a phony uniform and under the name of "Colonel Berger," he pretended to boss? Neither de Gaulle, nor the British, nor the Americans, nor the Communists in the Resistance were aware, Lacouture says, of the existence of such a post.

THESE REVELATIONS of an unstable personality jibe, although it may seem unfair to say so, with certain aspects of the man close up—with his celebrated facial tics, his equally celebrated sniffles, his habit of rolling his eyes as if he were watching a bee, his tragedian's intonation, his convulsive hands, his chain-smoking (which he now seems to have given up), and his disconcerting conversational leaps. Arthur Koestler, cited by Lacouture, met him in 1934 while gathering funds for a leftist cause, and never forgot the hallucinating experience:

> Malraux listened in silence, occasionally uttering one of his characteristic, awe-inspiring sniffs, which sound like the cry of a wounded jungle beast and are followed by a slap of his palm against his nose. . . . When I had had my say, Malraux stopped, advanced towards me threateningly, until I had my back against the garden wall, and said: *"Oui, oui, mon cher, mais que pensez-vous de l'apocalypse?"*

The performance was followed, however, by a donation of 500 francs.

Is there a case for the defense? Lacouture thinks so. Malraux, we are re-

Roy McMullen is an American art critic based in Paris. His most recent book is Mona Lisa: The Picture and the Myth.

Pictorial Parade
André Malraux—"Revelations of an unstable personality."

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minded, has never lacked courage. In 1925 he returned to Indochina and for several months helped to edit a militant Saigon paper which, until it was forced out of business by the local Establishment, campaigned against French colonial exploitation and brutality. The capital of the Queen of Sheba may have been imaginary, but in 1934 it took nerve to embark on a 10-hour flight over the Arabian Desert in an observation plane and without adequate maps. Although one can smile at the Malraux of 1936 sashaying through the intellectual cafés of Valencia as a Spanish Republican air-force *coronel*, it took nerve to organize, equip, and command a volunteer España Squadron, and to fly in one of its crates as a machine-gunner. The "Colonel Berger" of the Resistance became real when, running desperately across a field in southwestern France, Malraux was cut down by a burst from a German motorized column, taken prisoner, and subjected to an interrogation that included a mock execution by firing squad.

Although such exploits were evidently motivated in part by a desire for personal glory, they were not, in Lacouture's opinion, just dangerous playacting, or Hemingway-like attempts to demonstrate virility. The España Squadron, which went into action at a time when the Spanish government had no bomber command at all, helped to stave off an immediate Franco victory. In 1944 "Colonel Berger" and his men in the Dordogne region delayed the northward march of the Das Reich Division (the notorious SS outfit that slaughtered the population of Oradour) and thus probably saved thousands of Allied lives in Normandy. During the stupidly terrible last winter of the war, the Alsace-Lorraine Brigade, a ragged unit led by Malraux, helped to keep the counter-attacking Germans out of Strasbourg.

The displays of courage and effectiveness have been accompanied, Lacouture argues, by a political evolution that has been reasonably consistent, however much it may have disappointed nostalgic fans of the star of the Old Left. Malraux, we are told, has never been a Marxist, and has never been particularly interested in the French domestic class struggle, any more than Byron was interested in Lancashire cotton mills instead of Greece. The young dandy of the bas-relief escapade was a fin-de-siècle esthete and individualist, intent on being "different." Through his experience as a journalist in Indochina, as a Communist fellow traveler (which he became largely for anti-Fascist tactical reasons), and as a soldier in Spain and France, he became aware of the collectivity of mankind. In Lacouture's words:

> The great adventure of his life was not flying over some ruin in the Yemen, or over some Spanish city, or the capture of some hill in the Vosges, but the crossing of the frontier between the worship of difference and the discovery of fraternity.

The final Gaullist phase? Well, that can be explained as a natural development—and a respectable one, even if we deplore it—from an awareness of an international, mostly working-class collectivity into an awareness—sharpened by the humiliation of France in World War II—of the nation.

Fair enough. One can remark, however, that "the worship of difference" did not cease with "the discovery of fraternity." It is evident in the fact that Malraux has always, except for a brief period in 1940, shunned regular armies and chosen to fight as a picturesque independent, an idealistic condottiere. It is evident, too, in his novels. The bitter brotherhood of the condemned revolutionaries in *La Condition humaine* is a brotherhood of loners; as such it is far more convincing than the somewhat stagy mass brotherhood of the Spanish peasants in *L'Espoir*, lining the road to give the clenched-fist salute to a dead airman. Malraux has clearly never been at ease with the sweaty reality of human communities, and this may be another reason for his decision to move from the Left into Gaullism. Like the General, he preferred an abstract France to concrete Frenchmen.

When all that can be said against him has been said, he remains a remarkable man, and a remarkably representative one for a time of wars and revolutions. How, then, are we to explain his dismaying recklessness with facts? I have mentioned only a few examples of this recklessness; it extends down to the zone of shabby fibs about his family, and it turns his *Antimémoires* into an unsettling blur of fiction and reality. We can suppose, in his defense, that in his mind the professional storyteller has annexed everything, including his own life. Or that he is a sort of failed existentialist, a man who has acted in order to exist, who has found that action did not provide an intense enough existence, and who has therefore been impelled to resort to make-believe. But such might be said of the most ordinary blowhard. Should we have one criterion for blowhards and another for important writers? Lacouture implies as much by using, as an epigraph for this thoughtful book, a pertinent passage from Baudelaire:

> Perhaps you will say: "Are you sure this legend is true?" Does it matter what the reality outside me may be if it has helped me to live, to feel sure that I am and what I am? □

"Aubrey, you're making me nervous. I think it's time to bring your brandy and Tennyson down to a lower shelf."

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The Riddle of Insanity

Going Crazy: An Inquiry Into Madness in Our Times
by Otto Friedrich
Simon & Schuster, 242 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Paul Roazen

Insanity has for some people long been fashionable. It is not solely a heritage of the Romantic era to see a madman as a spiritual hero, and madness and genius do seem curiously interconnected. R. D. Laing is only the most notable recent exponent of the view that sees in mental illness a legitimate challenge to the social status quo. Otto Friedrich's *Going Crazy*, however, is a grim but wholly engrossing reminder of the terrible suffering involved in psychotic breakdowns. To "go crazy" may seem an unscientific expression, but Friedrich applies it mainly to those who have had to enter mental hospitals.

In sheer quantitative terms the extent and cost of insanity need underlining. In 1973, for example, 444,777 Americans were admitted to 337 state and county mental institutions. And approximately another 100,000 patients entered America's 156 private hospital facilities. (Such hospitalization then cost as much as $165 a day.) About 1.7 million people are currently in American mental institutions, and even the best facilities are filled with sadness and fear.

Friedrich discusses other instances of mental disturbance as well, such as alcoholism, crime, and self-destructive behavior in general. And he reports that suicide is now, after accidents, the second highest cause of death among college-age people.

In contrast to so many authors of contemporary clinical literature, Friedrich avoids abstraction and self-satisfaction. It might seem that his book is theoretically unsophisticated. But by relying on examples from literature, music, politics, and art, Friedrich has put together a moving series of stories of human failure and tragedy. He tells us that he has "dug only a shallow trench in this mountain of misery," but in the end he succeeds in giving a disturbingly accurate account of what happens when someone has a nervous breakdown. Convinced that most of us can share the experience of going crazy, if only through the analogous upheaval involved in falling in love, Friedrich uses plain English to communicate his painful tale.

All too often there is a gulf between practitioners devoted to insight psychotherapy and those committed to physical means of treatment. If one has ever witnessed the catastrophe of serious mental collapse, it is hard to scoff at the prospect of symptomatic recovery. Nor—if one has seen how frequently suicidal patients can change their minds, often after it is medically too late—can one entertain lightly the right to kill oneself.

No intelligent therapists can be entirely happy with existing clinical results. The literature is hardly littered with examples of effective therapeutic approaches, and therapeutic failures are almost never written about. Even if it could be proven that the real sources of a patient's trouble are not in his or her past experiences but in large-scale social factors, pragmatic success in helping the

victims of the world as we know it would be no minor matter.

Friedrich tells us early of the increasing skepticism about the whole field of psychiatry—largely due, he thinks, to the success of modern drugs. He feels that psychiatrists too often have little understanding of what they are doing. Only at the end does he admit to a "bias" against psychiatry; his preconceptions were reinforced, he says, by two years of research on this book. He does not know what causes or cures insanity--still an unsolved mystery—and he insists that nobody else knows either. He believes, however, that madness is a part of each of us, completely human even if inexplicable.

Oddly enough, he exempts Freud from criticism. Friedrich does argue that psychoanalysis is apt to fail with those who have already gone mad, he does criticize many of the rituals of psychoanalytic interviewing, and he believes that Freud's colleagues were often unbalanced people in search of their own salvation. Yet it would be more consistent for Friedrich to admit Freud's own lack of interest in therapeutic success, especially with the most seriously disturbed cases.

Friedrich might well have questioned some of the scientific claims of psychoanalysis. For example, what if Erik Erikson was right in thinking that the traditional practice of having a reclining patient speak to an aloof analyst constitutes a form of sensory deprivation? Not only do the personality and training of an analyst have a suggestive impact on treatment, but also the apparently neutral psychoanalytic situation has its own biases as it creates experimental stress. Friedrich does remind us of the Hippocratic principle that the physician's main job is to help nature perform its own processes of self-cure, and he repeats the warning: "If you can do no good, at least do no harm."

Friedrich is right in questioning the legitimacy of much psychiatric vocabulary, and his book is convincing precisely because of his belief that "those who have actually gone crazy seem . . . to have a more earthy and concrete understanding of insanity than do the psychiatrists who pose as experts." He is correct in thinking that too many psychiatrists are too complacent about their traditional activities, and he is open to discussion of how dietary deficiencies may underlie craziness. Nevertheless, he proposes that there is usually a link between the form of a breakdown and the sufferer's sense of identity, and therefore psychology can be a means of bridging the gulf between those who have and those who have not "lost" their minds.

Unlike recent books such as Mark Vonnegut's *The Eden Express*, a personal account of schizophrenia, or John Neary's *Whom the Gods Destroy*, a tale of a friend's journey through madness, Friedrich's study constitutes a more impersonal narrative. He skillfully interweaves vignettes from his own experience and that of friends, but tells us that he has never consulted psychiatrists or taken their drugs. Nonetheless, his version of madness in our times is thoroughly absorbing and plausible. One only worries that his unremittingly somber account may succeed in being such a collection of pathological cases as to encourage the illusory feeling in the reader that such problems belong to others, not ourselves. □

Paul Roazen's most recent book is Freud and His Followers.

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New Books

Obituaries

by Bernard Kaplan
Grossman/Viking, 168 pp., $8.95

Bernard Kaplan writes about people obsessed. Each of the protagonists in these six stories lives (and some die) in the power of a fixed idea, generally an immense idea that resolves the ambiguity and apparent irrationality of life. Jews move in the shadow of persecution, men with spirits ravaged by war brood over all-inclusive pseudo-scientific theories, a woman graduate student uses herself as a laboratory to test a Manichean hypothesis about human relations. Indeed, Kaplan himself, a gifted storyteller, seems obsessed with the idea of obsession. The reader is led through its maze from inside, trapped by its abstract logic and pulled to its violent conclusions. Kaplan guides this trip extremely well, in quiet, confident language; where he errs frequently is in going too far, in complicating his tales with affected endings that dilute the pure terror so painstakingly created. But *Obituaries* is well worth reading; fascinating and ambitious, though uneven, it is the work of a serious, engaged author.

LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

•

A Very Human President

by Jack Valenti
Norton, 402 pp., $9.95

The Vietnam War cut the arteries of the Lyndon B. Johnson administration in the spring of 1968, ending a meteoric political career not with a bang but a whimper. What happened in the stirring years before that dramatic March night when LBJ took himself out of the Presidency? After reading Jack Valenti's warm memoir, we have a better idea of the reasons why.

Was Johnson the 20th-century President "most reeking of human juices," as David Halberstam characterized him? On that point, this volume is very persuasive, written as it was by the White House aide who perhaps knew him best of anyone except Lady Bird.

The most telling chapters about this very human President are those dealing with the Kennedys, with the way the Johnson administration was staffed and organized, his relations with the press, his gradual sinking into the quicksand of Vietnam. Less propitious are the author's unending encomiums, his total recall of each and every word uttered by the President, and a tendency to forget conveniently certain facts about the biographee and his time. All the same, it's fascinating history and as close as we've had so far to an accurate if partisan view of a highly talented congressional wheelhorse thrust into the White House by a sniper's bullet.

RICHARD L. TOBIN

•

The Dying of the Light

by Arnold A. Rogow
Putnam, 384 pp., $10

Standard exercises in doomsday prophesying here, as Arnold Rogow piles on rather less than vigorously adduced evidence to support the charge that rapacious, vulgar America has brought itself and the rest of the world to the brink of the apocalypse, from which plight only the author's own prescriptions for the *new* New Jerusalem can save us. The recitation of America's sins is familiar enough—the deadly legacy of the Puritans, callousness toward the poor and the blacks, topsy-turvy priorities, urban violence and disintegration, squandering of natural resources, and so forth. The standard with which the reader is bludgeoned throughout this irresponsible book is that of "equality" (of condition, not opportunity), the implicit villain of the piece being the whole complex of values and assumptions associated with the concept of liberty. Everywhere fulminating against American imperfection and offering up utopian remedies that range from the outlandish to the totalitarian, Rogow litters his argument with superficial and distorted social observation, extravagant statistical extrapolations, and wrongheaded judgments of value. Not the best among them, Rogow is yet another of those architects of the future who, impatient with the workings of a liberal democracy, map out blueprints for change that run roughshod over any world worth the having.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

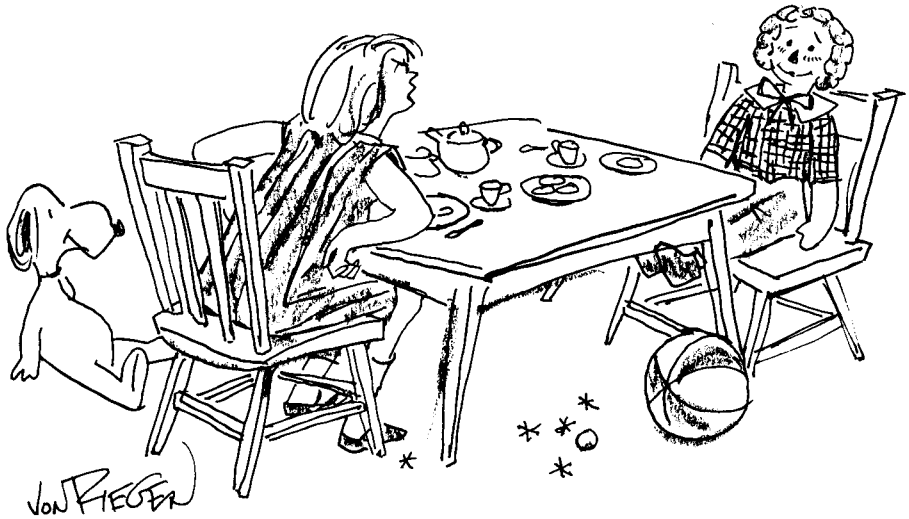
•

A Brief Life

by Juan Carlos Onetti
Translated by Hortense Carpentier
Grossman/Viking, 291 pp., $10

An intense and arresting novel that frequently threatens to bog down in its own intricacies but somehow never does. One of Latin America's leading writers, Onetti maintains unwavering control here—a complex narrative is safeguarded against any taint of tricksterism by the author's unfailing seriousness and agility. The protagonist is one of those losers in his 40s driven to violent panic by the paltriness of his life and of his options; the course his tortured actions and imaginings take as he becomes increasingly overwhelmed by pointlessness and isolation is the novel's primary investigation. There is a harsh and haunting immediacy to Onetti's delineations; toying with nihilism can be a self-indulgent business indeed, but something in the tone of the author's voice forbids any easy dismissal of the vision he articulates. Originally published in Spanish 25 years ago, *A Brief Life* is concerned with literary and cultural themes that have become rather shopworn in the time that has intervened, and it is no small measure of Onetti's artistry that in his hands they can still command our attention.

J.L.C.



"How can we have a meaningful relationship if you don't want to talk about anything but tax-free municipals?"

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Seventy-Five Under 40

The ubiquitous Daniel Halpern has just turned up again on the poetry scene with *The American Poetry Anthology* (Avon/Equinox, paper, $5.95). Five hundred and six pages, 75 poets, all of whom are under 40—a lot of poetry for the money. Halpern's anthological method was to write some 250 poets, asking to see what they considered their five best poems. Poets don't always know which of their poems are best, so when Halpern disagreed with a selection, he substituted another—with the poet's consent. Result: you'll know what's going on in American poetry today. Some of the poets are well known: Erica Jong, Diane Wakoski. I was delighted to discover two fine ones, unknown to me: Rita Dove and Heather McHugh. But I was annoyed that the best young poet in this country, Ted Kooser, wasn't included. And pleased to find a favorite, Lucille Clifton's "Good Times":

My Daddy has paid the rent
and the insurance man is gone
and the lights is back on
and my uncle Brud has hit
for one dollar straight
and they is good times
good times
good times

My Mama has made bread
and Grampaw has come
and everybody is drunk
and dancing in the kitchen
and singing in the kitchen
oh these is good times
good times
good times

oh children think about the
good times

Life in the Slammer

In, out, in, out . . . that's Malcolm Braly's story as told in his fascinating autobiography, *False Starts: A Memoir of San Quentin and Other Prisons* (Little, Brown, February 26, $9.95). It's the best prison book I've ever read: taut, informative, even profound. The man is a *writer*. Braly came from a messed-up family and started his criminal career as a juvenile-delinquent cat burglar. He then became a wanderer, every kind of thief, and found himself in Nevada State Prison after a very funny car chase in the desert. Then out, a crook again, caught, and to San Quentin. Then to Folsom, then to San Quentin again . . . and again. I've lost count. He just couldn't keep his hands off other people's property. In prison he wrote, he painted, he observed. Now he's out, straight, "retired," and living happily on a farm. A sampling:

The hardest part of serving time is the predictability. Each day moves like every other. You *know* nothing different can happen. You focus on tiny events, a movie scheduled weeks ahead, your reclass., your parole hearing, things far in the future, and slowly, smooth day by day, draw them to you. There will be no glad surprise, no spontaneous holiday, and a month from now, six months, a year, you will be just where you are, doing just what you're doing, except you'll be older.

This airless calm is produced by rigid routine. Custody doesn't encourage spontaneity. Walk slow, the Cynic says, and don't make any fast moves. Each morning you know where evening will find you. There is no way to avoid your cell. When everyone marched into the block you would be left alone in the empty yard. Each Monday describes every Friday. Holidays in prison are only another mark of passing time and for many they are the most difficult days. Most of the outrages that provide such lurid passages in the folklore of our prisons are inspired by boredom. Some grow so weary of this grinding sameness they will drink wood alcohol even though they are aware this potent toxin may blind or kill them. Others fight with knifes to the death and the survivor will remark, "It was just something to do."

WITH CONSUMMATE FELICITY OF DEMEANOR THE STALWART STAG PRANCED TANTALIZINGLY BEFORE US AS, THROUGH ROSEATE MISTS,
DAVIES

Crabbers

"Ain't nobody knows nothing about crabs," he says, using traditional triple negative favored by Eastern Shoremen for scoring a strong point. "Might think they do, but they don't. Just have a feel for it is the best what you can do."

That's a professional crabber speaking in *Beautiful Swimmers: Watermen, Crabs, and the Chesapeake Bay* by William W. Warner (Atlantic/Little, Brown, February 17, $10). I never thought a whole book about crabbing could hold my attention, but it did. In all but the coldest months, thousands of men are out there dredging, scraping, scooping, seine hauling for blue crabs, hard and soft. The author went out with them, usually at four in the morning, and shared their grueling labor with good nature. The watermen address their fellow men as "honey," and call oysters "arsters," and turtles "turkles." One of their favored baits is bull noses, bought from knackeries at $17.50 for 75 pounds. You learn about picking, packing, shipping. Do they get bit?

Indeed they do. Maine lobstermen can safely remove the much smaller numbers of lobsters found in their pots with bare hands, seizing them from the rear. Chesapeake crabbers cannot do this. Unlike the lobster, the blue crab has excellent rear vision. There are too many crabs in each pot in any case for such individual seizure. You simply plunge in with both hands and separate the tangling masses as best you can, suffering an occasional bite from a big Jimmy that will make even the most hardened crabber wince. Between such bites and the constant handling of pot wire the fabric-lined "Best" rubber gloves last no more than two weeks during periods of heavy catches. "You get a hole in them," Grant adds. "The crabs will find it." □

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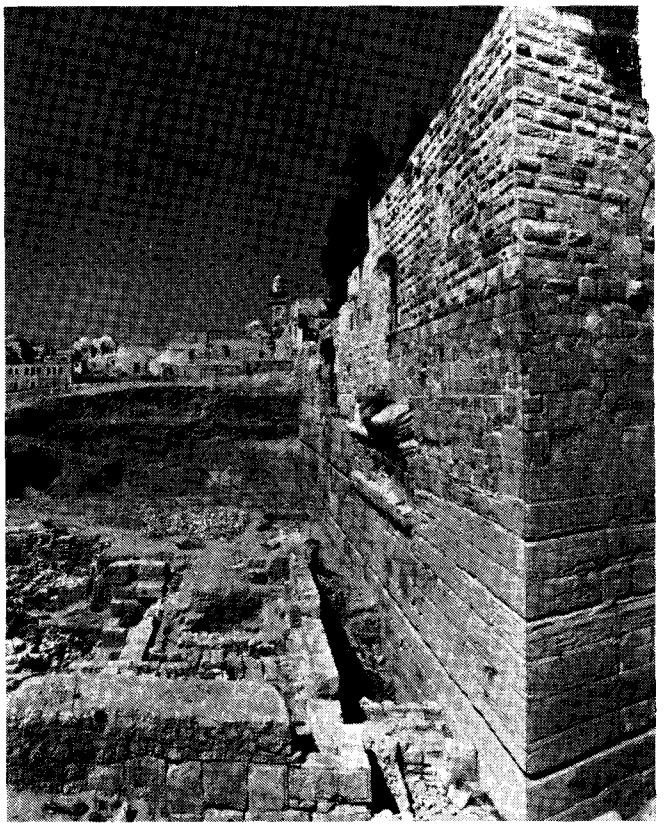
UNESCO and the Jerusalem Digs

by Katharine Kuh



Corner of Herodian wall showing Temple Mount—"Despite

At the 18th General Conference of UNESCO in Paris, November 1974, Resolutions concerning the "protection of cultural property in Jerusalem" were passed and widely publicized. It is now common knowledge that Israel was called on to desist from *any* archeological excavations in the Old City, particularly in reference to Christian and Islamic sites. In ambiguous language, the world's largest international organization devoted to education, science, and culture virtually excluded Israel from further active participation in its programs unless that country ceased "altering the historical features of the City of Jerusalem" and halted "excavations which constitute a danger to its monuments." In November 1975, one year after the Paris General Conference, I visited Jerusalem in order to investigate at first hand and without bias whether these allegations were justified. The moot question: is it desecration or revelation that is taking place in Israel?

I had read outraged communications from numerous religious leaders, writers, educators, musicians, scientists, and artists who deplored UNESCO's Resolutions, viewing them as inspired more by politics than by scholarship. The majority of these people disassociated themselves from further collaboration with an organization which had often in the past depended on their advice, potential creativity, and goodwill. I also studied the reports of Israeli archeologists, several authorities specifically responsible for the excavations denounced by UNESCO. Such men as Benjamin Mazar, Megan Broshi, Nahman Avegad, and Yigael Yadin defended their work in careful scientific terms. What I have not been able to find is any published judgment by internationally respected Arab or Soviet archeologists supporting UNESCO's contention that the excavations, as carried out, have jeopardized already existing monuments, though, to be sure, it was their countries that spearheaded the Resolutions. The sites that have aroused contention are chiefly within the old walled city, notably the Jewish quarter and the area west and south of the Temple Mount, that hallowed terrace where now are situated two famous mosques, the Dome of the Rock and El-Aqsa Mosque, and where earlier the Jewish Temple sheltering the Ark of the Covenant was located.

It seems unfortunate that for the first time in Jerusalem's prodigious history, physical changes resulting from neither war nor nature but from a search for knowledge should have occasioned bitter censure. The yearning to uncover the past, to relate it to the present and to all intervening periods, is surely understandable in a country where every inch of land is laced with historic content. As Miriam Tadmor, head of the archeology department at the Israel Museum, says, "Wherever we dig today, even if only to put in a water pipe, we must first excavate in order not to destroy any remains of the past." And, indeed, in Jerusalem this becomes a costly process. Before a house can be built or a road developed, the earth must be turned up and literally explored from level to lower level. While workmen were preparing for the construction of a house in the old Jewish quarter, remnants of a Crusader church were discovered and preserved. It is thought that here the Order of the Teutonic Knights was founded. The house, of course, had to be relocated. More recently the alignment of a new road around the walls of the Old City was interrupted because (miraculously and unexpectedly) the corner of a large Byzantine basilica from the time of Justinian was unearthed. Now an overpass bridge is being built to permit both continuation of the road and restoration of the ancient structure. Nothing could indicate more conclusively how the past and present, the legendary and living, are being forged together in Jerusalem. The city is at once a storehouse of antiquity and an animated metropolis, a fascinating combination but one that complicates the research and conservation of ancient monuments.

Wherever I looked I found the same concern for preservation, restoration, and, above all, investigation. Excavations are being carried on under scrupulous scientific standards. What emerges is an engrossing and expanding view of history. Sometimes a yawning abyss temporarily obtrudes, as in the area adjacent to the Temple Mount. Here various civilization levels are exposed in relation to their chronological depths, starting with the Bronze Age and continuing through such a bewildering web of successive cultures as to leave one dizzy. For an archeology buff, a visit to this ruin is a heady experience, but for the average layman it may seem little more than an untidy upheaval. There

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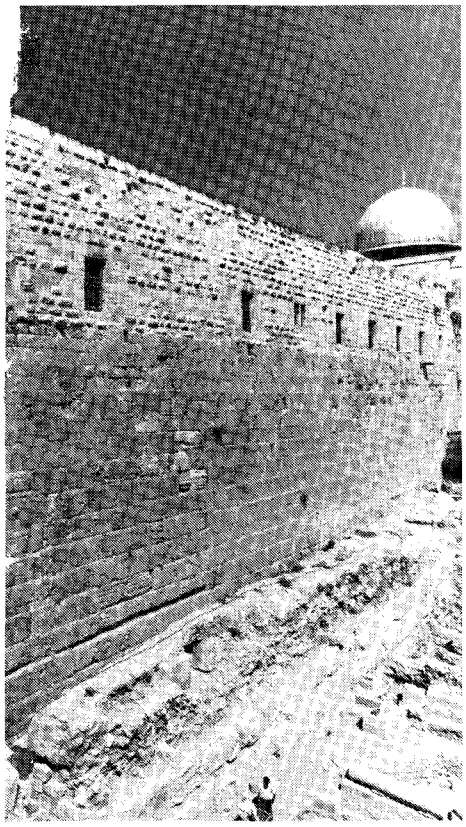

: noble presence, a symbol of disruption."

are proposals for its eventual preservation, but just what form this will take is still under consideration, for, as Miriam Tadmor explains, "Excavated areas are often unreconstructible because so little remains—at times scarcely more than floor plans. And, of course, we only reconstruct when there is enough scientific data to guide us."

At present the superb Turkish walls surrounding the Old City, erected by Suleiman the Magnificent during the Ottoman period, are being revealed in their full glory. These ramparts, with their splendid crenellations, gates, and towers, are formidable fortifications that are yet gracefully adapted to the barren, hilly contours of the land itself. (I wish, alas, I could say as much for certain high-rise buildings in the new city, such eyesores as the Plaza Hotel, the Hilton, and occasional luxury apartment complexes.) Mountainous deposits of rubble and earth accumulated over the centuries are being cleared away to disclose the entire height and range of Suleiman's walls, an ambitious project in light of the miles they cover. In addition, a National Park around the walls is beginning to materialize. Planned as an open space forming a landscaped green-belt, the park will permit pedestrians to view the Old City from various angles and in all its touching beauty. Appropriate planting of native trees and bushes plus the incorporation of existent rock formations is already beginning to take shape.

When UNESCO bans "any alteration of the city's features or of its cultural and historical character," what "features," what "character," are envisioned —those of the last half-century, or of the Babylonian, Persian, Hasmonean, Herodian, Roman, Crusader, or Turkish periods? Which, indeed, is the real Jerusalem? Obviously they all are, for this unique, tormented amalgam is a composite where the roots of monotheism were nourished, where three powerful religions were initiated, where savage internecine and national rivalry sparked constant warfare and stained the earth with rivers of blood. We can only grieve that from the tangled history of this city so little has been learned. In the name of nationalistic and religious fervor, the same destructive hostilities that repeatedly destroyed Jerusalem are still at work. To stand across from Herod's monumental wall is to realize how many different factions have beaten against this seemingly indomitable structure. And now, despite its noble presence, it is again a symbol of disruption, for it is an integral support of the Temple Mount, a site closely interwoven with Jewish, Christian, and Moslem beliefs. The digs around the wall have acted as the prime provocation for UNESCO's Resolutions, which were based, at least theoretically, on a 1956 Recommendation forbidding new excavations in occupied territories. However, as certain students of Judaica have pointed out, the Recommendation was not designed to block excavations already in progress or to prevent archeological investigations where rebuilding or other development projects were necessary.

ABRAHAM BIRAN, until recently in charge of Israel's antiquities and at present director of the Nelson Glueck School of Biblical Archaeology, feels that "the best way to protect cultural property is by publicly opening it up," by making it available to scholars and laymen alike. Once historical remains become common property, they are, it is true, less apt to be looted and vandalized. In any case, archeological research at the Temple Mount is scarcely a new idea. One hundred and nine years ago Charles Wilson, while working there, discovered a now celebrated Roman arch which still bears his name. Professor Miran also points out that the English archeologist Dame Kathleen Kenyon started excavating around the Temple Mount in 1961 with the full approval of the Jordanian government. Even as late as 1966, Prof. William Stinespring of Duke University Divinity School was working in the same area. UNESCO made no objection. It was only after Benjamin Mazer, an Israeli archeologist, began to dig following the Six Day War that trouble started. Since Charles Wilson there has been a continuous procession of international experts at work, among others British, French, American, German, Arab, and now Israeli scholars,who have all investigated this baffling site. How myopic to demand that the search stop at the very moment when advanced techniques make possible illuminating breakthroughs.

Raymond Lemaire, professor of architecture at Louvain University and secretary-general of the International Council for Monuments and Sites, visited Jerusalem in 1971, 1973, and 1974 as the personal representative of UNESCO's director-general. In his report he wrote, "I should, moreover, like to confirm unreservedly the opinion expressed by my colleague, Prof. G. de Angelis d'Ossat, [of the University of Rome and former director-general of the Italian Ministry of Antiquities and Art, who also visited Jerusalem as a representative of UNESCO's director-general] that the work at present being carried out in no way threatens the stability of the Herodian Temple enclosure, nor, accordingly, the preservation of the very important monuments [Mosque of the Dome of the Rock and El-Aqsa Mosque] constructed on the terrace." In addition he noted in reference to the old Jewish quarter: "The excavations, conducted with exemplary method and attention to detail, are uncovering remains in successive horizons of all the great periods from the time of the Kings through the Roman, Byzantine, Ommiad, and Turkish periods, up to the most recent times. So far as I have been able to discover, the excavations, which are notably increasing our knowledge of the past of the Holy City and thus of its cultural heritage, have not directly caused the destruction of buildings of cultural value."

Even Dr. Hank Reinik, formerly director of culture in The Hague, whose appointment as commissioner-general for cultural property in Israel's occupied territory was approved by the four adjacent Arab states, advised that in many cases the survival of the Old City de-

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pended on prompt restoration. He mentioned the "neglect and destruction" Jerusalem had sustained "during its more-or-less recent history," a euphemistic description of the wanton desecration that Jewish landmarks had suffered under the Jordanians. In the Jewish quarter alone, 58 synagogues and yeshivas were laid waste, most important among them the famous Hurva Synagogue, reputedly the handsomest in Jerusalem. Sacred books and Scrolls of Law were stolen or burned. And on the Mount of Olives, the largest, oldest Jewish graveyard, dating back to biblical times, was also shattered beyond description. Why, one asks, was UNESCO silent when deliberate mutilations of historic monuments such as these were taking place? To see this destruction is to realize why exhaustive reconstructions (accompanied by preliminary precautionary excavations) are more than justified, despite objections from UNESCO and certain Arab states. Reinik criticized the Israeli government for eliminating several Arab houses from the area in front of the Western Wall, but asserted, "No damage to moveable cultural property has been done." The buildings were displaced not because of unbridled hostility but in order to make space for the throngs of Jewish worshippers who over the years had been denied access to the Wailing Wall, their holiest symbol of "the Promised Land."

THAT UNESCO SAW FIT to repudiate the findings of its own reputable specialists seems worse than shortsighted for an organization supposedly devoted to the pursuit of truth. In a quest for further unbiased professional opinions, I visited the Albright Institute of Archaeological Research, an American organization which this year is celebrating its 75th anniversary. The institute, located in the Old City and surrounded by a beautiful garden, is a center for Near Eastern and biblical studies, but is politically nonpartisan. Currently under the directorship of Prof. Eric Meyers of Duke University, it is involved with digs at such sites as Caesarea and the Galilee. Professor Meyers informed me that two American sister schools, also devoted chiefly to archeological research, are located in Amman and Carthage. I put the following question to him: "Do you feel there is truth in UNESCO's claim that excavations in the Old City of Jerusalem are jeopardizing the safety of existing ancient monuments?" "Unequivocally no," he answered. "On the contrary, I think the overall excavations have shown a unique sensitivity toward preserving artifacts and architectural remains from all periods. The Temple Mount excavations in particular have illuminated Islamic culture to an unprecedented extent. Likewise, the Christian remains uncovered in the Temple area are providing invaluable new data on the early church in ancient Palestine. The charge that these excavations are jeopardizing the foundations of the Temple Mount is absurd."

Teddy Kollek, mayor of Jerusalem, agrees. He said, "I think Moslems and Christians should be grateful. The excavations have brought to light much additional evidence about important periods

in world civilization—ironically and specifically about the Moslem period, which was least well known because of a paucity of contemporary records. As to endangering the Temple Mount—we are employing highly trained technicians who check the work at regular intervals. It is under the constant supervision of engineers and other qualified specialists from the University of Haifa and the Technion." Because Kollek is not an ordinary political figure but a human dynamo tempered by knowledge and compassion, his opinions on the excavations carry greater weight than would those of a less informed mayor. For where else in the world can one find the top municipal officer of a great city likewise a founder and president of its art and archeological museum? Shuttling between his two offices, he brings the expertise he has gained from each to bear on the other. Speaking of him recently, Sir Michael Hadow, former British ambassador to Israel, said, "The all-too-rare historical miracle of having the right man, in the right place, at the right time has occurred."

Kollek emphatically denies (and facts bear him out) that digs in Jerusalem have sacrificed later periods to those of Jewish history. For anyone who cares to look, the evidence is there—open to all eyes. Despite almost insupportable pressures, the mayor recognizes not only emotionally but with enlightened perception the needs of his divided citizens and the meaning of the city he governs—this city where a stone's throw from one of the world's most dazzling mosques (considered by Moslems as third in importance only to those of Mecca and Medina) stands the Wailing Wall. A short walk leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Drenched no less in history than in myth, these landmarks of the Moslem, Jewish, and Christian faiths should ideally have bound disparate peoples together, but the reverse is true. Throughout the ages, religion in this sacred area has been brutally politicized. And now, so too is learning. From the rock in Omar's Mosque of the Dome, Mohammed reputedly rose to heaven, while the same hallowed spot is claimed for Abraham's would-be sacrifice of Isaac. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the alleged tomb of Christ is worshipped, and in front of the last vestige of the Second Temple, the sacred laws of the Jews are honored. Here in the open before the Wailing Wall (also called the Gate of Mercy) strange incantations are addressed to a deity who only rarely has dealt kindly with his devotees. The Jews at the Wailing Wall declaim, implore, plead; the Moslems in their radiant mosque face Mecca and fervidly, if abjectly, pray to their deity; the Christian pilgrims traverse the Via Dolorosa to worship at their church and to their God. Yet in Jerusalem, where monotheism became a three-fold viable philosophy of life, a frightening multiplicity of hostilities persists. It is disillusioning to realize that the additional knowledge now being dug up from the earth, instead of mellowing present-day antagonisms, is intensifying them, and this, despite new data emphasizing the parallels, the similarities inherent in Jerusalem's three dominant religions.

It would seem that all parties are the losers, but most clearly UNESCO. Its Resolutions are based on such patently false premises as to shock even a Baron Münchhausen. UNESCO's very *raison d'être*—the widening of man's cultural and scientific horizons, the civilizing of human and intellectual relations—has been abrogated. How long, one asks, will it take this once respected organization to regain its credibility? □

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Television

by Karl E. Meyer

A Pride of Adamses

Before discussing "The Adams Chronicles," the most lavish of Bicentennial bonanzas on television, one must take into account a prevailing reality—our appalling ignorance about our national past. One disgraceful statistic suggests a lot. A recent Gallup poll found that 28 percent of the United States public could not specify what important event occurred in 1776.

By and large, with honorable exceptions, network television has done lamentably little to dispel this darkness. On an average viewing day, one might get the impression that the world began five minutes ago, with John Wayne as the tube's most venerable historical figure. It has therefore fallen on non-commercial television to carry out the first truly sustained attempt at national edification.

Beginning five years ago, with a budget of $5 million, WNET/Channel 13 in New York set out to chronicle four generations of a single notable family, in a series spanning 15 decades from 1750 to 1900. No less than eight playwrights and an army of actors large enough to fill Valley Forge have worked under Jac Venza, the executive producer, and Virginia Kassel, the project director and creator of the series. Historical consultants, with books opened, hovered in the wings. So preoccupied were all hands that the "Chronicles" burst through its budget, running up a million-dollar deficit—to the dismay of other Channel 13 producers, some of whose projects had to be shelved.

On Tuesday, January 20 at 9 P.M., the first of 13 weekly episodes will finally be on view. Plainly, a fair verdict can be struck only after seeing the entire series of one-hour dramas. I have seen only episodes 1 and 3 plus a 30-minute sampler of the whole work. My provisional impression was that I was watching an agile swimmer weighted with rocks marked History. Every time the poor fellow got his head above the waves, he was yanked down as a solemn narrator intoned a Message.

Thus at the very outset we glimpse young John Adams and the young George III, and are portentously informed that they were "embarking on a collision course." Surely all those playwrights and consultants could have confected an apter phrase.

Further negative thoughts: so relentlessly authentic are the sets that they look like Colonial Williamsburg, or those period rooms in a historical museum. I longed for a smear of grease on the gleaming pewter mugs, or a touch of night soil on the quaint colonial streets. The historical bias accords with the sets—it is standard Patriots *v.* Redcoats. If those awful Bicentennial Minutes on commercial television have taught me anything, it is that our Founding Fathers had a gift for overstating the wickedness of the Crown and for glossing over their real economic self-interest in independence.

These groans aside, I turn to the good news. Every time the script gets away from History and centers on the human drama of the Adamses, the screen jumps to life. "The Adamses," said James Russell Lowell, "have a genius for saying the gracious thing in an ungracious way." As public personalities, members of the family were a cross-grained amalgam of pride, integrity, vanity, stubbornness, energy, and intelligence. Only in private did a more winning, tender side emerge.

These traits are accurately mirrored in the fine performance of George Grizzard as John Adams, and of Kathryn Walker as Abigail. The third episode handles deftly the contrast between the provincial severity of John Adams and the worldliness of Benjamin Franklin (splendidly played by Robert Symonds), while both were diplomats in France. What fails to come through strongly enough is the fact that Franklin, for all his venery, was the shrewder tactician. (Those curious about the fidelity of the series can consult two books published in conjunction with it, *The Adams Chronicles* by Jack Shepherd, Little, Brown, $17.50; and *The Book of Abigail and John*, a selection of letters, Harvard University Press, $15.)

In the end, by indirection, "The Adams Chronicles" caused me to reflect on the reasons for our national indifference to history. Too often, from grade school through college, history is presented as a Lesson, its juices drained as it is turned into a vitamin pill. A drop of Gore Vidal would have benefited the "Chronicles"; a little more iconoclasm would have sharpened its edge. To some extent, the panoply of funding bodies may have discouraged iconoclasm—the series was made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, and an oil company. These may have been among the weights that pulled the swimmer down.

George Grizzard and John Houseman in "The Adams Chronicles."

* * *

Given the hazardously long lead time in my reviewing (more than a month) accidents can happen. The CBS drama "The Tenth Level," which I reviewed in the November 29 issue, was scheduled for December 18, but has been postponed until the spring. Sorry. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 50

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 58.

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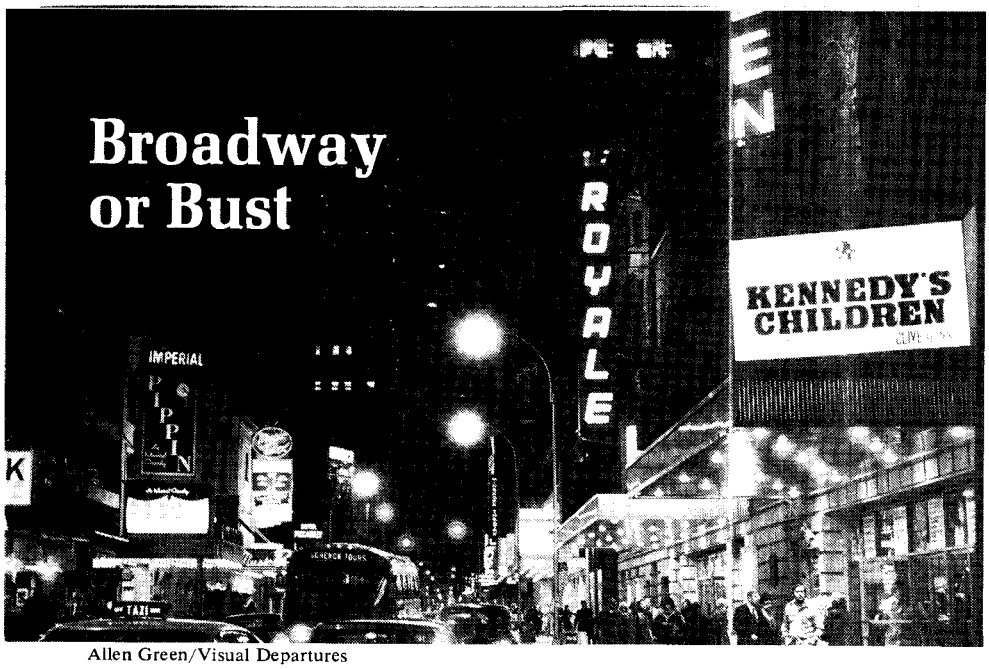
Broadway or Bust



Allen Green/Visual Departures

by Henry Hewes

Despite a costly musicians' strike and rising ticket prices to cover increased fuel and tax expenses, Broadway is enjoying an amazing prosperity. Weekly box-office revenue is up 27 percent over last season's near-record figures, and since ticket prices have risen only 15 percent, the box-office gain represents a real advance in the number of theatergoers. One reason for this advance may be the large number of long-running popular shows available to ticket buyers. Last year at this time there were 11 such shows playing on Broadway. Now there are 17.

Thriving business is welcome, because among other things it means that more theater artists and theater workers can make a decent living. Yet it must be pointed out that almost all the durable shows are musicals or comedies. For the odds are against serious-minded new American plays on Broadway, and, indeed, the season's sole survivor in this category is fighting a week-to-week battle.

Called *Kennedy's Children*, it was written by the prolific Robert Patrick and produced Off-Off-Broadway a couple of years back. Then it fought its way to London's West End, where it is currently a long-running hit. The London production cost $16,000 and operates for $4,000 a week. On Broadway the show was capitalized at $130,000 and breaks even at about $27,000 a week. Even with $20,000 assistance from the Theatre Development Fund, which helped it through its first three weeks, plus a good proportion of favorable notices, *Kennedy's Children* would appear to have little hope of earning back its production cost.

It is not an easy play to take. For one thing, none of the five characters who have wandered into Patrick's East Village bar ever speak to each other. Instead they address the audience with monologues, not just once but a dozen times. The principal suspense comes from wondering how many more rounds remain. For the speeches are, to use Patrick's own term, "memory hemorrhages," and they lack dramatic urgency. Nor do they seem to be making some discernible progress toward an individual or mutual goal.

This is not to say that the playwright doesn't have a goal. Obviously, Patrick is seeking with considerable success to define and assay the impact of the Sixties in terms of the articulate responses of five victims whose lives have been deeply affected by its violent events. And these colorful and evocative arias give rise to some intensely passionate performances by a talented cast.

Thus, for all its drawbacks, *Kennedy's Children* would seem to be a merchandisable item for Broadway. But there remain many playwrights who have written equally good if not better plays but cannot enjoy the advantages of Broadway production, because their plays aren't merchandisable enough to sell 4,000 tickets a week, which is about the minimum required to keep a show running in an 800-seat Broadway playhouse.

In past years these plays were presented Off-Broadway, in 300-seat theaters where the costs were scaled down to the point that a play needed to sell only 1,500 tickets per week in order to survive. However, Off-Broadway costs have skyrocketed to the point where even simple plays now cost about $75,000 to produce. The odds are against any Off-Broadway show being able to earn back that much money in theaters with a small capacity.

Even if the production cost is subsidized, as it is in such non-profit institutions as the New York Shakespeare Festival, most plays now operate at a weekly deficit, which requires the institution to raise additional funds. Last May, when *A Chorus Line* was selling out Off-Broadway, it was losing $18,000 a week. Because of this, NYSF producer Joseph Papp declared that Off-Broadway was dead, and decided to move *A Chorus Line* to Broadway, where it is again selling out, and in March, after the 30 SRO weeks it will take to recoup its transfer costs, it will start to bring the NYSF a profit. Anticipating this, Papp decided to use some of the profit to subsidize a Broadway season of new plays at the Booth Theater. When the first of these, *The Leaf People*, registered losses estimated at $490,000, Papp canceled the remainder of the season at the Booth. Some of the plays will now be presented not Off-Broadway, but Off-Off-Broadway, a designation applied to small theaters that produce inexpensively under a Showcase Code. Unfortunately, this code limits the Off-Off-Broadway producer to a maximum of 18 to 24 performances, because Actors Equity feels that this is long enough for actors to be seen but too long for them to work at either sub-living wages or for nothing.

Equity's argument made some sense a few years ago when it encouraged a producer to move a play to Off-Broadway after it had run its limited number of Off-Off-Broadway performances. But with Off-Broadway virtually dead, the code now forces many fine productions to close prematurely, unless they are merchandisable enough to make the big leap to Broadway.

Paradoxically, the two best shows I've seen this season were not merchandisable enough to make that leap. The first, David Mamet's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, performed at St. Clement's Church, casually offers a series of glimpses of two young men and two young women as they wander through a maze of contemporary sexual language. Bernie Litko talks vulgarly about sexual conquest but is offended by a girl whose sexual complaisance he interprets as a lack of self-respect. His more sensitive friend Danny Shapiro

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really doesn't subscribe to Bernie's attitudes but is nevertheless influenced by them. Danny attempts a romance with the charmingly candid Deborah. Yet she is influenced by her man-hating friend Joan, and the love affair fails because Danny and Debbie can't find and sustain their own sexual language. It is an original, funny, and sad theater piece, but its offhand form, its unfashionably honest use of "dirty words," and its one-act-play brevity make it an unlikely Broadway bet.

The other show is *The Robber Bridegroom*, a new musical imaginatively adapted from a Eudora Welty novella by Alfred Uhry, which opened in New York as part of the Acting Company's repertory season. Abetted by Robert Waldman's lovely music, it tells a hillbilly romance with great comic flair, including in its colorful rogues' gallery a hilariously mean stepmother, a bored and willing country girl running "nek-kid" through the woods, and a strong-willed robber who can enjoy love only when it is "stolen from the cookie jar." *The Robber Bridegroom* will probably play as long as the Acting Company wants to tour it around the country, but it is too expensive for Off-Broadway and, again, not quite merchandisable enough for Broadway.

Extending the runs of these two shows, and others like them, is certainly in the interest of theatergoers. It would also serve the authors, who need both royalties and the standing a longer run would give them. Furthermore, many unemployed actors would benefit from the opportunity to practice their art before the public with more continuity. But the minimum expenses of moving a show from Off-Off-Broadway to Off-Broadway come to about $30,000, and that figure seems to discourage most producers. Kermit Bloomgarden, who successfully moved *The Hot l Baltimore* a couple of years ago, has unequivocally stated that he wouldn't do so under the present economic conditions.

Improving the arrangements for transferring the best of the hundreds of limited-run Off-Off-Broadway productions to regular Off-Broadway engagements is not impossible. It would require a realistic examination of the particular problems of each such transfer and a willingness of everyone involved to arrive at the appropriate compromises. But with Broadway booming, and Off-Off-Broadway buzzing, who will hear Off-Broadway's death rattle? □

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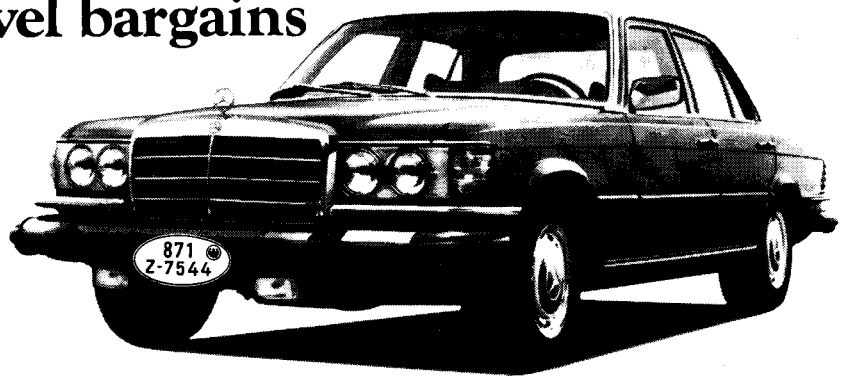

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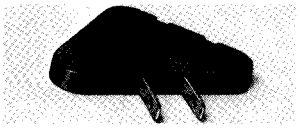

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Dance

by Walter Terry

Danced Salutes to the U.S.A.

Well over a year ago, as the Bicentennial of the United States of America approached, American dance companies were frantically casting about for suitably patriotic ballets. There were those who desperately wanted performing permission for George Balanchine's enormously popular *Stars and Stripes*, the Russian-born ballet master's amused and amusing glance at his adopted country's love of parades, precision drills, and field days. In lieu of the Balanchine hit, with its irresistible Sousa score (arranged and orchestrated by that musical whiz, Hershy Kay), ballet directors from coast to coast were (and are) willing to settle for "something like *Stars and Stripes*" or stepping to Sousa or Stephen Foster, Charles Ives or Scott Joplin.

But a celebration of America does not necessarily mean a red-white-and-blue ballet or one built upon American tunes or one rooted in folklore. I have seen examples of these, good and bad, and still others from different sources during the first lap of my ballet Bicentennial travels, starting last year and continuing through 1976, and of those I have seen to date the most important is a ballet based on Maxwell Anderson's great American play *Winterset*.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE PITTSBURGH BALLET THEATRE'S Bicentennial productions include a revival of Ruth Page's now historic *Frankie and Johnny* (1938), Nicolas Petrov's new *Steel Symphony* (both scheduled for later this month), and Stuart Sebastian's *Winterset*, which had its immensely successful premiere (with cheering audiences and enthusiastic reviews) at the end of the year. This new creation by the 25-year-old choreographer is not only a superb ballet but also a masterwork of danced theater. In 1935, when the Anderson play, a poetic drama of the Depression, of revenge, of love, and of dying, was first done, we of the dance world were watching with eagerness the use of dance to extend the range of drama in such musicals as *Oklahoma!* with Agnes de Mille's trend-setting choreography. Today, when the ballet trend has been the evolution of abstract, nondramatic ballets by George Balanchine and his imitators and a rash of recital-like dances to piano music, Sebastian has made a new breakthrough in giving us a ballet that extends itself in the other direction, into the actor's arena.

The setting, by Oren Parker, would do honor to a Broadway play, with its dark and forbidding street scene under a towering bridge span and with a mobile tenement unit (in one episode it moves with a melodramatic surge of choreography). The music by Heitor Villa-Lobos (Etude in C-Sharp minor for guitar, Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra, Prelude No. 4 for guitar) provides the work sometimes with the taut and astringent base it requires and again with the haunting sweet sadness of family love and young love fated for destruction. But the key to this *Winterset* is its choreodramatic structure. Sebastian has used acting where the succinct gesture of the actor is what is needed, so phrasing it musically that it can swell into danced gesture and explode, when necessary, into stage-filling, aerial, racing movement without a wrench, without a break.

In a prologue and three scenes, Sebastian relates the story, suggested by the Sacco-Vanzetti case of the Twenties, and reveals the emotions of the Jewish father for whom family and home are sacred, of the Italian youth whose father has been falsely accused of murdering a guard during a robbery, of the gangsters in fear of betrayal, and, especially, of the boy and the girl from opposing families who love despite. The dancing core of *Winterset* is the *pas de deux* for the young lovers; yet at the close, in the death scene, they are asked to be actors.

The Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre, under Sebastian's directing, turns out dancing actors. One is not surprised to see the part of Esdras, the girl's father, superlatively acted by Frederic Franklin, a great *danseur* of a generation ago and a masterful mime of today. But young JoAnn McCarthy as Miriamne, the daughter, and Gregory Begley, as Mio, son of the accused Romagna, have been guided into infusing the force of acting into the sweep of their dancing. Splendid also are Roger Triplett as Garth, Miriamne's weakling brother and false

Ben Spiegel

The Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre's Winterset—*"A new breakthrough."*

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witness, and Peter Degnan as Trock, the murderer. The entire cast has given new stature to the Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre and done honor to Maxwell Anderson in a trend-setting choreodrama by an exceptionally gifted new choreographer.

East Haddam, Conn.

Very Good Eddie, given its world premiere (in revival, that is) at the absolutely captivating century-old Goodspeed Opera House on the banks of the Connecticut River, is pure Americana of the show-biz variety. It is a musical comedy, just opened on Broadway, and I touch on it because its dance elements are delicious Bicentennial stuff. The period is 1913, and the characters, involved in all sorts of marital entanglements, are pretty much stock figures from the era of stock companies. The dance buff, however, will find it a real treat, for Bill Gile, the director, has staged the musical numbers with great wit in terms of gesture, stance, and tableaux, and the choreographer, Dan Siretta, has come up with some show-stopping numbers that are delicious evocations of both the social dances and the vaudeville routines of the day. "I've Got to Dance" is the high point in a batch of dance highs. For me, the show is an American answer to the English *The Boy Friend*.

New York City

THE CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET'S *Drums, Dreams and Banjos*, since it is set to music of Stephen Foster and is produced at Bicentennial time, presumably represents this company's major Americana offering. If, by Americana, one will accept cheap American camp as a substitute, then one must accept this as a distressing aspect of our culture. Stephen Foster is corn, but it is genuine. Agnes de Mille's classic *Rodeo* is a corn ballet, but it, too, is genuine. Both are as real and as nourishing as that indigenously American feed grain that describes them. But *Drums* is simply surface camp, rootless, unappetizing, without substance.

I must, in all honesty, report that sections of the audiences at the City Center's 55th Street Theater applauded the production enthusiastically, but I can also report that passages intended to be taken seriously were laughed at, that there were boos, and that more than one person retreated up the aisle murmuring, "I don't believe it!" But there will be later, better ballets to do choreographic honor to the beloved American composer. □

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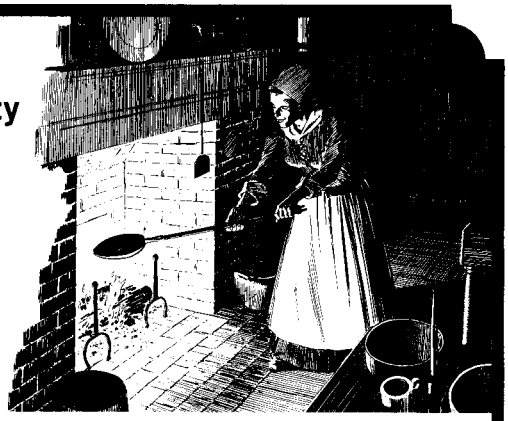

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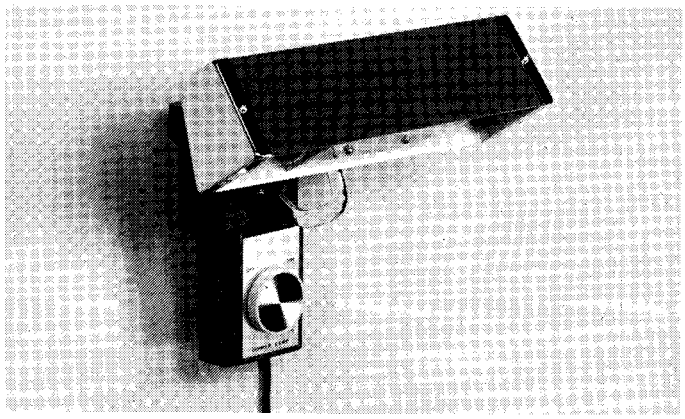

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Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

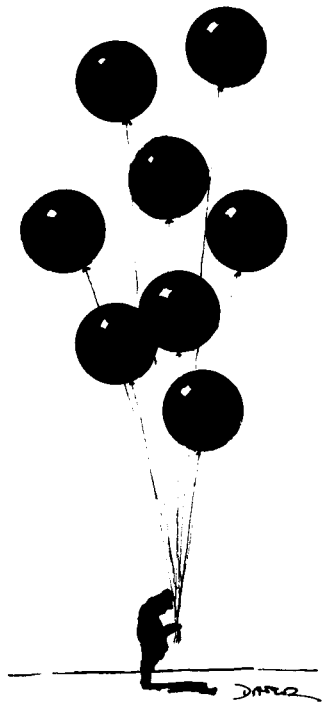
Catch-up on Kennedy Center

Back in the prehistoric time when Watergate was just the name of a hotel in Washington, a preeminent target for journalistic mud in the District of Columbia was the large object a-building adjacent to the now famous scene of the June 1971 break-in. It was in the wrong place, the complaints ran: too far from something (Pennsylvania Avenue and 12th Street), too close to something else (the Lincoln Memorial), too many planes passed overhead, it was inaccessible, the public to patronize it did not exist—the litany was all but endless.

"It," of course, is the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Now, far from mud-stained and hardly inaccessible, Kennedy Center is about to welcome friends and well-wishers to a performing-arts gala on January 27 in the name of a man without whom, in all probability, it would not exist today. Roger L. Stevens will accept the onus of being the one in whose name seats are being sold and money is being raised (on behalf of Kennedy Center Programming). This is no fire sale of unfulfilled promises, or an auction of tattered remnants of a distinguished past on behalf of a dubious present. It is, rather, a proud proclamation of faith rewarded as the center looks ahead, against a background of solid accomplishment, to the fifth anniversary (on September 8) of its opening in 1971.

Some of the objections that were lodged as that opening approached were justified. Its organization, unversed in show business, brought together from scratch, functioned at times as though both of its hands were left, and all its fingers were thumbs. Hardly anyone knew where anything was at, since they were operating out of offices more than a mile away from the incomplete object itself. Nobody knew how an opera house, a theater, and a concert hall would function under one roof (and over one parking garage) because no one had ever seen an opera house, a concert hall, and a theater under one roof. Now that organizational functions have settled into normal stride, the pre-opening predictions of confusion (on the one hand) and insufficient patronage (on the other) strike one today as they did then: premature, ill-tempered, and short-sighted, more expressive of a death wish for the infant than a hope for its adolescence and maturity.

Kennedy Center not only works—seven days a week, 12 months a year—it has provided the 2 million-plus population of the District, and nearby Virginia and Maryland, with not one but three amenities it had hardly dared to hope for and few dreamed would ever come about. Washington, after decades as an



apology for a national cultural capital—first in war, first in peace, and last in the performing arts—has taken its rightful place among leaders in the country. During the last six months, for example, it shared the Bolshoi Opera with New York and had a visit of the Berlin Opera all to itself. Under the enterprising, thoroughly seasoned supervision of Martin Feinstein as executive director, Kennedy Center has built a subscription audience that is basic to Washington's new importance as a dance center, and a concert-going public to support such uncommon dividends of residency in the District as Mozart and Haydn festivals (complete with scholarly forums), a large take-out on Shakespeare in the arts, two weeks of Venetian music in cooperation with the Italian government, the most extensive Canadian festival ever seen outside that country's borders, and much else.

This brief retrospect is important not so much for what it proves as for what it disproves. It disproves the contention that a city as cosmopolitan as metropolitan Washington can have "too many seats," if the public is offered things it wants to see and hear. Just as the perpetuation of Carnegie Hall (as a counterpart to Lincoln Center) disproved the longstanding contention that New York would not support orchestras other than the resident Philharmonic and the visitors from Boston and Philadelphia, so the availability in Washington of the opera house as well as a concert hall *stimulated* rather than saturated public interest in kindred events on the same evening. As an instance, on the evening that the Berlin Opera opened its visit with a performance of *Lohengrin* under the compelling direction of Lorin Maazel, the adjacent concert hall was occupied by the Boston Symphony with Seiji Ozawa conducting. And I mean *occupied.*

All this should be a pointed lesson for communities elsewhere. For those without such centers as now exist in New York, Washington, Los Angeles, Houston, Atlanta, Milwaukee, etc., sound advice would be: build, when you do build, as an incentive to success, rather than a hedge against failure. For those who have such centers and sometimes wonder how to do all those desirable things for which there is never enough money, a page out of the Kennedy Center book may provide the recipe. Take one profit-making attraction, promote well, serve hot to an eager audience, then drain the income over expenses. Mix the liquid assets thoroughly with a nonprofit attraction, and serve at the best prices you can get. Yield: a metaphorical cake you can eat and have too.

THE B MINOR MASS of Bach with the Philadelphia Orchestra as its companion of honor is too special, and too rare, a combination to pass without attention. They reappeared recently in Carnegie Hall under the direction of Eugene Ormandy for the first time in nearly 15 years (1962). The onset of the great work, with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem as an added interest, roused recollections and challenged memories with a "Kyrie" as lucent in sound as it was lambent, and fulfilled the first of all Godly injunctions, "Let there be light." And there was, to

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continue the biblical parallel, light. Much of it was brilliant in its searching clarity, arousing in its musical purity, ear-filling in its sonorous spaciousness. When has one recently heard a playing, by the combined first and second violins, to match the supple unity of the string background to "Christe eleison"? Not within any week, month, or year to be reckoned at less than a dozen years. It was a conception that, in its tensile strength and effortless freedom, deserved another biblical epithet—immaculate.

But, as the segments followed one another, and the values began to shift from the sonorous to the spiritual, the matter of light came, so to speak, to light again. Was it the soft, bathing illumination that might have filtered through the stained-glass windows of the Thomaskirche in Leipzig, where, under Bach's guidance, the great work had its first performance, in the 1730s? Or was it something more palpable and dazzling, to be measured in watts rather than candlepower? Doubtless Bach would have welcomed the resonance and splendor of the contemporary symphony orchestra had it then existed; as it didn't, the modern maestro, with all that power at his disposal, should remind himself now and then: "Ah yes! the B minor Mass is a work of great Gothic strength, but also of granite sparseness. Let us venerate it with passion, but also with restraint." Certainly a violinist who never knew the works of Paganini or Tchaikovsky could not have served the obbligato to the mezzo's "Laudamus te" with such inappropriate unctuousness as concertmaster Norman Carol did. It was then that the message came clear that the weakness in this performance was not that Ormandy loves Bach less but that he loves the Philadelphia Orchestra's sound more.

Joining the virtuoso, and remarkably youthful, voices of the Bethlehem Choir (whose gifted conductor is Alfred Mann) were Elisabeth Soederstrom, a soprano fondly remembered for her operatic work here more than a decade ago and no longer possessed of the same vocal resource; Rosalind Elias, of similar memorability and quite unchanged voice; Seth McCoy, a remarkably eloquent tenor for all his limitations of power; and Michael Devlin, a basso lacking the virtuosity required for "Quoniam tu solus." Now, if all this richness of resource had been at the disposal of Munich's celebrated Bach specialist, Karl Richter. . . . □

The Movies

by Judith Crist

Mel's Smart Godson

The godfather of the moment, in movie rather than mafia terms, is Mel Brooks. For out of Leo Bloom, the Waco Kid, and Dr. Frederick Frankenstein—characters Gene Wilder created under Brooks's direction—has sprung a new character, "Sigi" Holmes, and also Wilder's independence as director and writer, as well as star, of *The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother.*

Wilder, a seasoned stage actor before *The Producers*, *Blazing Saddles*, and *Young Frankenstein* brought him stardom, started to expand his horizons in the last Brooks film, not only providing the story idea for the brilliant takeoff on the horror movies of the Thirties but also collaborating on the screenplay with Brooks. Conscious of the surrounding talents—an assessment to which actors are not always given—he chose Madeline Kahn and Marty Feldman, two *Frankenstein* colleagues, as his co-stars, and he has concocted a charming Holmesian pastiche, marked by the subtleties, sweetness, and controlled intelligence that are the hallmark of his own performances. His is a comedy of wit and imagination, with a literary flavor and touch of seriousness that diminish the occasional self-indulgence and attenuation. And if Brooksian outrageousness, biting satire, and sharply controlled pace (and Yiddishisms) are lacking—well, we're in an elegantly designed and dressed Victorian London, after all, where Wilder's gentler approach is not inappropriate.

His protagonist is Holmes's "insanely jealous" younger brother, Sigirson, a bumbling and pompous sleuth. To elude Professor Moriarty while he concentrates on an affair of state, Sherlock uses Sigi as a decoy, passing on to him the case of a blackmailed music-hall singer, and assigning a policeman, blessed with "photographic hearing," to help the kid out. With Kahn as the singer who cannot tell a truth and Feldman as the cop with too-total recall, Sigi is soon embroiled in both the affair of state and villainy galore. With Leo McKern as Moriarty, so villainous he gets his absolution by slot machine; Roy Kinnear as the dumb henchman left holding the asps; John Le Mesurier as the statesman behind the affair; and Dom DeLuise as a blackmailing opera avant-gardist—the chase is a merry one, with hansom-cab races, horsewhip duels, and onstage and backstage shenanigans, all to the tune of a delightful Johnny Morris score. Comparisons with *Young Frankenstein* are as irrelevant as they are inevitable; Kahn and Wilder, never better in performance,

Wilder and Feldman in Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—*"A charming Holmesian pastiche . . . a comedy of wit and imagination."*

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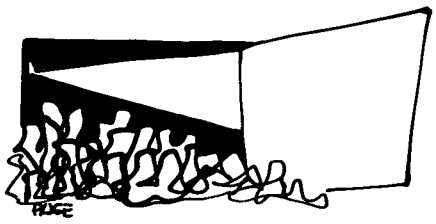
and their colleagues carry the day, with graceful good humor the order thereof.

LIZA MINNELLI, Burt Reynolds, and Gene Hackman carry the day for *Lucky Lady*, a $12 million piece of fluff a year in the making in Mexico. Concocted by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz, the young husband-and-wife writing team that gave us *American Graffiti*, and directed by Stanley Donen, it provides a dazzling showcase for Minnelli's dazzling talents and succulent roles for her co-stars. It also offers proof that star charisma and directorial style can refurbish old-hat plotting and make matters of dubious morality not only palatable but even pleasing.

We're dealing with charming outlaws again, *Butch Cassidy* style, in this story of three adventurers who team up in Tijuana in 1930 to make their fortune. Minnelli is the spark, a dowdy redheaded chanteuse determined to strike it rich, "just another widow" who has put her mite into a bootlegging scheme with her admirer, Reynolds—an inept, unbright "unemployed lounge lizard" who happens to own a battered boat. Hackman, "on the lam" for reasons unrevealed, but an efficient man of action, blackmails his way into the deal. And with the adolescent orphaned son of a bootlegger to serve as deckhand and technical adviser, the three are off and rum-running. High adventure, hairbreadth escapes, a sticky encounter with the Coast Guard, and a ferocious fight with a syndicate envoy ("McTeague wants to take all the sport and romance out of this trade," a dealer complains) —and they pull off the deal and celebrate in style in Claridge-like nouveau-Art Deco splendor in San Diego, sharing the boodle, a bath, and a bed in the royal suite. Only Hackman has qualms about the last: "Sometimes I'm glad I never met my mother," he remarks.

The ménage à trois is frothy, funny, and inoffensive, a tribute to the likability of the trio, the affectionate relationship they establish, and, most important, the honesty and "niceness" Minnelli exudes. Small wonder she can persuade the men to try their luck again—and the successes and disasters and bang-up sea battle ("good" bootleggers vs. "bad" ones) are as predictable as the tacked-on epilogue is tacky. Slow to start, elliptical and confusing in its latter stages, the screenplay is relatively unsophisticated and frequently vulgar. But the settings and costumes are stylish, the too-few musical interludes dandy, and the trio of stars delectable. Squint and you'll see Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, and Spencer Tracy, arms linked, striding into the sunset. So now it's Reynolds, Minnelli, and Hackman, snuggling under the covers. *Autre temps, autres moeurs* indeed.

Another time—May 1937—is evoked with *The Hindenburg*, Robert Wise's $15 million re-creation of the fatal transatlantic voyage of the giant Zeppelin that burst into flames as it prepared to moor at Lakehurst, N.J., killing 35 of the 97 persons aboard. Not a documentary (though the special effects are stunningly fused with actual newsreel coverage of the disaster), the screenplay by Nelson Gidding is based on the Michael M. Mooney book and a screen story by Richard Levinson and William Link. The true cause of the explosion remains a mystery, but the filmmakers have chosen one of several theories—that of sabotage by an anti-Nazi crew member—to provide a complicated but basically simple-minded melodrama to while away the time before the overwhelming spectacle of the crash. With George C. Scott as the reluctant-Nazi security officer aboard and a Grand Hotel gather-



ing of good actors (with Anne Bancroft simply smashing as a world-weary Countess), there are more moments of truth and suspense and fewer banalities than disaster epics are usually heir to. But it's the technology of the airship that is fascinating and the expertise of the filmmakers that is remarkable in recreating a spectacular holocaust for our vicarious enjoyment.

We're off and kipling on the adventure trail with John Huston's film of Sir Rudyard's classic tale *The Man Who Would Be King*. Set in Lahore in the 1880s, it offers us Kipling himself as journalist, confronted by a ragged and disfigured stranger who holds him with that glittering eye and spins a tale of exotic derring-do, comradeship, and the corruption of power. His is the story of Peachy Carnehan and Daniel Dravot, two ex-army sergeants, scoundrelly soldiers of fortune whom Kipling, a fellow Freemason, befriended before they set out in foolhardy pursuit of their dream of becoming kings in Kafiristan. After all, Alexander the Great had conquered that primitive country to the north in 328 B.C., and Peachy notes, "If a Greek could do it, we can." And indeed, across desert and plain and snow-capped mountains they go, with luck and cheek and a way with the natives. At last, by courage and by accident, Dravot is indeed proclaimed King and God, complete with a bulging treasure-chamber. Instead of heeding Peachy's advice that they take the money and run, Dravot starts thinking of meeting Queen Victoria on a monarch-to-monarch basis, and begins to believe that destiny rather than luck gave him his power. But power can be a heady thing, and Dravot learns that you can't buck the high priest in any primitive country—or good adventure yarn.

The yarn, alas, is better in the telling (or reading) than in the watching. Michael Caine and Sean Connery, as Peachy and Dravot, cannot be faulted, but their comradeship seems circumstantial and scripted rather than real. Christopher Plummer, on screen all too briefly as Kipling, seems to the manner and to the literary personality born. But though the Huston-Gladys Hill script is marked with wit and literacy, the plotting is all too pat, the settings (the film was shot in Morocco and Switzerland) stale—from the "teeming" marketplaces and trains of Lahore to the peaks and avalanches to the Holy City of Kafiristan, a poor man's Shangri-la that seems to be host to a Hari Krishna convention. Of course the "classic" is familiar, but one expects the directorial artist's eye to provide fresh perception. And when the cask bursts open and the jewels and gold are scattered in the dust of skirmish . . . *autre temps, même moeurs.* □

WIT TWISTER NO. 63
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 58.

The ___ ___ ___ ___ that Fate had
fashioned caught him up
When, hot from playing ___ ___ ___
___, he sprawled nude
Beside the ___ ___ ___ ___ and drank
a cooling cup
Of deadly poison his third wife had
brewed. A. S.

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Opera—From Stage and Studio

by Roland Gelatt

The debate over "live" versus "studio" recording of opera is with us again. Partisans of either approach can muster persuasive arguments. Certainly the controlled conditions in a studio yield the most finished results: retakes can be made as often as necessary to achieve a blemish-free composite; principals, chorus, and orchestra can be positioned in terms solely of sound—as it will be ultimately conveyed through speakers in the home; and sessions can be spread out over many days in order to minimize vocal wear and tear. But the danger of studio recording, especially in the realm of opera, is that perfection is sometimes bought at the price of lifelessness.

Here is where the arguments in favor of "live" recording begin. A performance taped from the stage of an opera house before a responsive audience is just that—a performance, not a mere rendition, with the potential of achieving a sense of momentum and dramatic credibility difficult to re-create under any other circumstances. Today's sensitive, highly directional microphones can capture the sounds from stage and pit with startling fidelity. And by taping a series of actual performances with the same cast, a recording editor can choose from those "takes" which are least blemished by minor lapses or extraneous noises.

The season's batch of new opera recordings includes examples of both methods. Mozart's *Così fan tutte* from Salzburg and Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* from Bayreuth fall in the "live" category; Weber's *Euryanthe* and Korngold's *Die tote Stadt* represent the studio approach.

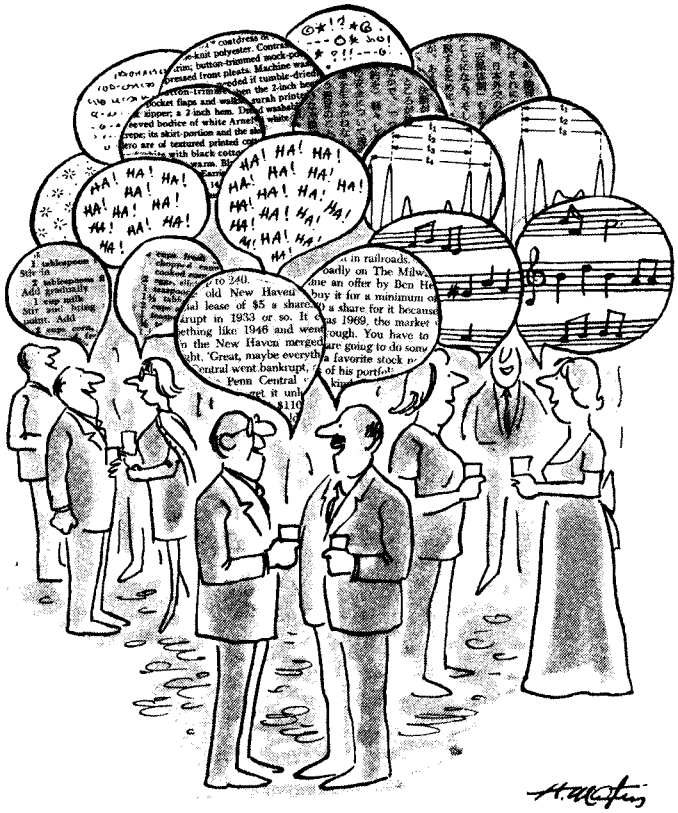
Having been smitten last year by two stunning productions of *Così* under Karl Böhm's direction—one at the Vienna Staatsoper, the other at Kennedy Center (with the Berlin Opera)—I was quite prepared to be smitten once again by a prior Böhm performance recorded at the Salzburg Festival in August 1974 on the occasion of the conductor's 80th birthday (Deutsche Grammophon). Alas, the records offer an inadequate simulacrum of the opera-house experience. *Così* would seem to be a work ill suited for "live" recording. The sound of stage business becomes a jarring intrusion in such a subtle musical confection: it is quite enough for Dorabella (here the lovely Brigitte Fassbaender) to cry out "Odio la luce" without the obbligato of a clattering Venetian blind to underline the sentiment. Moreover, the minor blemishes that inevitably attend a stage performance—a too-emphatic high note here, a trailing-off at the end of a phrase there—seem especially damaging in a piece of such delicately chiseled perfection.

To compound these impediments, the recording quality lacks bite, indeed sounds downright distorted at times. A pity, this, because the cast has some fine strengths—in particular the ravishing Fiordiligi of Gundula Janowitz. Perhaps for Böhm's 85th birthday Deutsche Grammophon will see fit to record *Così* again—in the studio, and without the many cuts countenanced at Salzburg.

ANOTHER RECORDING taken from the stage in the summer of 1974 works far better—a Bayreuth production of *Die Meistersinger* conducted by Silvio Varviso (Philips). Here the action is more naturalistic, more believable than in *Così*, and what can be accounted an intrusion in Mozart becomes a positive asset in Wagner. During David's exposition of the mastersingers' rules and regulations, for example, the stage "picture" would somehow be incomplete without the sound of his cohorts bustling away in the background; and the exciting transition into the opera's final scene seems almost to demand the thud of sets being moved into position behind the curtain. Listening to this set of records, one is never in any doubt that a real performance is taking place, and the activity on stage (quite muffled, it should be noted, by the screen of Bayreuth's sumptuous orchestra) only serves to heighten its dramatic momentum.

Varviso, born and trained in German Switzerland despite his Italian name, is not celebrated as a Wagnerian interpreter. On the evidence of this performance, he should be. Neither of the preludes is given its ultimate due; but once the curtain is up, Varviso moves into top form, pacing the singers with a pliant beat, maintaining a well-judged balance between pit and stage, keeping the musical line supple and flowing. He is aided by really splendid recording. One example: the distant horn against tremolando strings at the beginning of the "Flieder-Monolog" could not be more magical. This is opera-house verisimilitude at its most effective.

The cast in all honesty cannot be



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described as one for the ages. Karl Ridderbusch plays a youngish, no-nonsense Sachs. It's a consistent, well-sung interpretation, but one that misses the sunset serenity of a Paul Schoeffler or a Norman Bailey (leaving aside teen-age memories of Friedrich Schorr). Likewise, Jean Cox and Hannelore Bode make a perfectly adequate Walther and Eva without setting the pulses racing. Hans Sotin is a properly sonorous Pogner, Klaus Hirte a straightforward (i.e., non-caricatured) Beckmesser.

Whatever the relative strengths and weaknesses of this cast, the performance "works"; here is a case where the whole is distinctly greater than the sum of its parts. Though two more *Meistersingers* are on the way—one conducted by Solti with Norman Bailey as Sachs, the other by Jochum with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau making his long-awaited debut as the cobbler-poet—this "live" recording from Bayreuth has merits enough to warrant immediate attention.

Euryanthe comes from the studio—inevitably so, since Weber's opera is almost never performed on stage. To have it complete on records would be an event under any circumstances, and it is particularly welcome in so fine a production as this one, made in Dresden (where the opera was written) under the baton of Marek Janowski (Angel). If the conductor's contribution is given priority here over that of the singers, it is because the orchestra's role in *Euryanthe* is paramount. From one end of this long opera to the other, Weber has fashioned an ongoing orchestral commentary that is a constant source of amazement and delight—amazement that anything so Wagnerian should have predated Wagner by a quarter-century, delight in the discovery of such unsuspected musical riches. To hear the orchestra mirroring Lysiart's ambivalent agitations at the opening of Act 2 or evoking the psychic as well as physical landscape of the Act 3 confrontation between Adolar and Euryanthe is to understand why Donald Francis Tovey, an essayist not easily given to hyperbole, described the opera as "both a more mature work of art and a more advanced development of Wagnerian music drama than *Lohengrin*, though it is a generation earlier."

Why, then, is *Euryanthe* so neglected? The libretto is ordinarily blamed, and not without good reason, it being both implausible and banal. But on records the vagaries of an asinine plot line can be more readily ignored than in the theater, and the listener is perhaps better able to enter the world of Weber's musical imagination. Though the performance is not entirely convincing as a dramatic statement, there is nonetheless much to savor—notably the creamy eloquence of Jessye Norman's Euryanthe and the characterful assurance of Tom Krause's Lysiart. Nicolai Gedda as Adolar and Rita Hunter as the malign Eglantine make somewhat less endearing contributions, but not so much as to detract from an imposing phonographic premiere.

HARD ON THE HEELS of the New York City Opera's revival of *Die tote Stadt* comes a complete recording from Munich led by Erich Leinsdorf (RCA)—another studio effort, though this time in conjunction with a production for the Bayerischer Rundfunk. Carol Neblett sings the role of Marietta, as she did in the New York production, and René Kollo is cast as Paul. Korngold's opera, the rage of Central Europe in the Twenties, stands midway between Richard Strauss and Franz Lehar without ever reaching the highest standards of either. Once you have relished the big hit number—a duet known as "Marietta's Lute Song"—it's a downhill journey. And though the Munich Radio players and recording engineers do full justice to the composer's orchestral tinsel, neither Neblett nor Kollo have the ideal opulence in their voices for this kind of music.

The aforementioned duet was recorded for all time in Berlin on April 17, 1924, by Lotte Lehmann and Richard Tauber, with a 27-year-old George Szell at the podium, and it forms part of a two-LP compilation entitled "Das Lotte Lehmann Album" (Dacapo), to be found at shops specializing in imports. The duet from *Die tote Stadt* is the one pre-electric selection in the album; the others are early electrics from the pre-war Odeon catalog and include such rarities as the Act 1 duet from *Tosca* (with Jan Kiepura) and a voluptuously saccharine aria from Korngold's *Das Wunder der Heliane*, along with much else ranging from Mozart to Richard Strauss. I don't suppose that anyone needs to be reminded of Lehmann's incomparable vocal radiance, or of her distinctive musical and dramatic insights into the core of the characters she portrayed. For those who have forgotten, or who never knew, the Dacapo collection is required listening. □

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Fresh Faces and First Encounters

Instrumental

Auber: Marco Spada (London). Unlike such other potpourri ballet scores as *Gaité Parisienne* (Offenbach-Rosenthal) and *Le Beau Danube* (J. Strauss-Désormière), the content of *Marco Spada* was assembled not by an arranger, but by Auber himself. It begins familiarly enough with the famous trumpet solo from *Fra Diavolo,* and goes forward, in a self-conducted tour of Auber's operas, to include excerpts from *Zerline, Crown Diamonds,* and *La Fiancée,* among others. Bright, gay, fanciful, with a plus in the well-controlled conducting of Richard Bonynge.

Bach: Chaconne; Sarasate: Zigeunerweisen; etc. (Melodiya/Columbia). Out-of-tune playing in these works is by no means uncommon, but there is a modicum of justification for it in these performances by Rodion Azarkhin, Russia's leading double-bass virtuoso. (An engaging addition to the 1976 Olympics might be an artistic spell-down between Azarkhin and America's Gary Karr.) When challenging the merely improbable rather than the palpably impossible, Azarkhin produces a soulful legato sound and faultless phrasing in Tchaikovsky's "None but the Lonely Heart," Massenet's "Elegy," Saint-Saëns's "The Swan."

Cherkassky: Kaleidoscope (L'Oiseau-Lyre). Shura Cherkassky, onetime artist-pupil of Josef Hofmann, is, at 60-plus, hardly a fresh face, but his adept playing of such miniatures as Godowsky's "Alt Wien," a Tchaikovsky "Nocturne" (Opus 19, No. 4), and a Hofmann "Kaleidoskop" may be a first encounter to some who appreciate pianistic elegance and finesse. Indeed, as he once made a 78-rpm version of Cecile Chaminade's "Autrefois," his re-recording of that piece may be a historic "double" (the "sexist" *World's Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music* does not even list her name). Grand piano sound.

Musgrave: Concerto for Orchestra, Horn Concerto (Decca). **Musgrave: Clarinet Concerto; Searle: Aubade for Horn and Orchestra; Banks: Concerto for Horn and Orchestra** (Argo). Thea Musgrave commands a tonal vocabulary that enables her to make an orchestra speak in many tongues, though not always with a coherent message. The two works with solo instruments are the more immediately accessible of the three—that with clarinet (Gervase de Peyer is the brilliant soloist) more fanciful than its counterpart for horn. In the latter, Barry Tuckwell's iron lip and inexhaustible breath are the means to some remarkable ends, as they are equally in the works of Searle and Banks. Miss Musgrave conducts her Clarinet Concerto, Alexander Gibson the Concerto for Orchestra, and Norman Del Mar the others. Uniformly good reproduction.

Opera

Holst: The Wandering Scholar (Angel). This recently published, final work (1930) of Gustav Holst's compositional career is a one-act treatment of a typically bawdy (French medieval) tale of an amorous farmer (Michael Rippon), a wandering scholar (Robert Tear), a lusty cleric (Michael Langdon), and the farmer's young wife (Norma Burrowes), whose interest in males knows no legal quota. That the husband strikes the last blow is to be expected in the dryly witty text of Clifford Bax. The unfinished score, edited by Benjamin Britten and the composer's daughter Imogene, is perhaps somewhat more dryly melodic than the composer intended. It does, however, make an attractive companion side (well

conducted by Steuart Bedford) to Holst's more familiar ballet, *The Perfect Fool,* and the Hardyesque *Egdon Heath.* Both of these profit from the perceptive direction of André Previn.

Vocal

Brahms: Volkslieder (DG). This three-disc set of more than 60 folk-song settings (of Brahms's 108) promises more than it provides. This is not for lack of skill, but because the material is consistently more recondite than popular in interest. When a song of the highest quality does turn up, it is likely to be well known: "Da unten im Tale," "Feinsliebchen du sollst mir nicht barfuss gehen," "Schwesterlein," or "Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund." An exception is "Ich stand auf hohem Berge," whose opening phrase has a curious resemblance to "O my darling Clementine." Peter Schreier (tenor) and Edith Mathis (soprano) observe the musical niceties, but the treatment is more often dutiful than fulfilling. The side of children's songs ("Sandmännchen," "Wiegenlied," and a "Heidenröslein" not by Schubert) combine the best of Miss Mathis with the most engaging material. Karl Engel is the able pianist.

Puccini: Messa di Gloria (RCA). This is by far the best recorded likeness to date of the very early (1880) choral work by Puccini that preceded any of his operas, and was unpublished in his lifetime. It identifies the 24-year-old composer as even then essentially a melodist, capable of sustaining 50 minutes of music with one surging song-(or aria-)like sequence after another. Clearly the Verdi of the Requiem and *Aida* were very much in Puccini's mind, but so too is the Puccini of *Manon Lescaut* (which carried over some material from the Agnus Dei). Michel Corboz conducts an excellent performance sponsored by the Gulbenkian Foundation of Lisbon, with a very good young tenor, William Johns.

Miscellaneous

Köln Concert: Keith Jarrett (ECM). To judge from this solo recital in Cologne just a year ago, Keith Jarrett is tending more and more to jazz piano music with a hypnotic effect akin to that of the Balinese gamelan or the ragas of India. Now and then a figuration suggesting Pinetop Smith or Meade Lux Lewis arises, but mostly it's strum, strum, strum on the same chords in different registers at different dynamic levels building up to whatever impends—usually the last groove on the disc. An occasional vocal grunt, or a foot-stamp, provide the only "accompaniment." The four sides total approximately 70 minutes, or under a reasonable capacity for *three* sides.

Lazy Afternoon: Barbra Streisand (Columbia). A dream of a disc by Streisand and composer-lyricist-arranger Rupert Holmes, bringing together two old songs of great merit, the Dietz-Rainger "Moanin' Low" and the La Touche-Morross "Lazy Afternoon," and eight other more contemporary ones rarely heard in performances of such insight and finesse. Mystique and magnetism aside, the unremittingly skillful arrangements of Holmes and the productively personal participation of Streisand are examples of an American art form at its finest.

Schoenberg: Cabaret Songs (RCA). The Schoenberg is indeed Arnold, the songs derived from material he was writing in Vienna at 26. They are light, fanciful, and thoroughly enjoyable as sung by Marni Nixon to the accompaniment of Leonard Stein. With them are 10 even earlier songs (1893-1903) mostly expressive of Schoenberg's admiration for Brahms. Only one of the songs was published prior to 1974, and, of the 17, only two have previously been recorded. A rare and refreshing first encounter. I.K.

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Charting the Songwriter's Art

by Bruce Pollock

In the Sixties the focus of songwriting shifted from the Brill Building to the singers themselves. The Brill Building is, of course, that crusty edifice located at the metaphorical top of Tin Pan Alley, from which emanated the seminal works of countless vintage rock-and-roll professionals—Goffin and King, Leiber and Stoller, Pomus and Shuman, et al. Following the lead of Lennon and McCartney and Bob Dylan, the performers of the era became directly responsible for the lyrics they sang—by writing them; those lyrics, as the Sixties progressed, waxed more personal, intricate, graphic, and poetic than any in pop literature.

That so few of those songs survive today is less a statement on the lack of talent than it is an apt description of the flagrant egotism rampant at the time. To be creative in the Sixties was to roll your own. There was hardly a young singer to be found who wouldn't choose to perform his own songs to the exclusion of everything else (except for the occasional, commercially proven Dylan or Lennon-McCartney opus)—audiences came to expect it, record companies to require it. So, aside from Bobby Darin doing Tim Hardin's "If I Were a Carpenter" and Gordon Lightfoot doing Kris Kristofferson's "Me and Bobby McGee" or the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band finally issuing Jerry Jeff Walker's "Mr. Bojangles" or the Youngbloods giving national exposure to "Get Together" by San Francisco's Dino Valenti, we were a generation bereft of pop standards, sadly without enough singers able to interpret for us the classic works of our era, and in so doing give them a life and an audience beyond the moment. Many great songwriters, meanwhile, wrote their songs in obscurity, heard only by esoteric devotees who hung out at coffee houses, tuned in tiny FM stations, and purchased their albums in no huge numbers.

As the Sixties came to an end, however—as the magic triumvurate of Lennon, McCartney, and Dylan began to burn out from overexposure—a refined cadre of stylists emerged, singers who arose from the early folk boom, brushed the dirt off their hands, and by decade's end moved closer to a rock-edged pop center. These stylists acted as a kind of high-quality "little magazine" in showcasing the works of our incipient bards, often in public for the first time. Far from being copiers, or tiresome balladeers on the order of the previous generation's Andy Williams or Patti Page, artists like Tom Rush and Judy Collins were the vanguard of a noble breed, our most trusted weathervanes in charting the songwriter's art.

Judy Collins was the first of the new pop singers to embrace the works of her obscure songwriting contemporaries in her landmark 1966 album *In My Life* (Elektra), previewing early classic selections by Leonard Cohen ("Suzanne" and "Dress Rehearsal Rag") and Randy Newman ("I Think It's Going To Rain Today") as well as the late Richard Fariña ("Hard Lovin' Loser"), who wrote several unheralded gems in his all-too-brief career. Tom Rush followed soon after with *The Circle Game* (Elektra), which included maiden efforts by Joni

Mitchell (the haunting "Urge for Going" in addition to the title song and "Tin Angel"), James Taylor ("Sunshine, Sunshine" and "Something in the Way She Moves"), and Jackson Browne ("Shadow Dream Song").

In the years since, both performers have continued to exhibit admirable taste in the service of the popular song as craft and art. Rush, although he has yet to have a hit record, has nevertheless brought to a wider audience than they might otherwise attract such relatively obscure talents as Jesse Winchester ("Biloxi" and "Yankee Lady"), Murray McLaughlin ("Child's Song"), and on his most recent album, *Ladies Love Outlaws* (Columbia), Wayne Berry ("Indian Woman From Wichita" and "Black Magic Gun").

Judy Collins, who's moved to perhaps the level of a Simon & Schuster, has even at times cracked the dream world of the Top 40, where songs can become part of the language of the masses, where authors can gain a national stage. Judy's 1968 hit, "Both Sides Now," written by Joni Mitchell, helped pave the way for Mitchell to succeed as an entity in her own right. On her latest album, *Judith* (Elektra), Collins again gives us a well-chosen collection of songs by our best modern writers, among them Jim Webb's "The Moon's a Harsh Mistress," Wendy Waldman's "Pirate Ships," and Steve Goodman's "City of New Orleans."

With the wealth of hidden treasure buried just beyond the radio's earshot, it's encouraging these days to find more and more contemporary singers out there beating the bushes for solid new material. Listen to Maria Muldaur doing Wendy Waldman's eerie "Mad Mad Me," Bette Midler unearthing John Prine's "Hello in There," Bonnie Raitt, one of the most expressive of the new interpreters, giving us Chris Smither's "I Feel the Same" or Prine's "Angel From Montgomery" or J. D. Souther's compelling "Run Like a Thief."

The song-stylists mentioned thus far are still distinctly "underground," not yet truly of the commercial league, where their power would be such that almost anything they released would gain national attention. But occasionally commercial artists do accidentally latch on to good songs and/or writers. Look what the 5th Dimension did for Laura Nyro, what Glen Campbell accomplished for the early Jim Webb. In the Seventies the Carpenters have discovered Paul Williams ("We've Only Just Begun"); so has Helen Reddy ("You and Me Against the World"). Jackson Browne has co-written a few with Eagles, including their first hit, "Take It Easy." And Three Dog Night contributed nobly to the cause of pop literature with Randy Newman's droll "Mama Told Me Not To Come," one of the great moments of 1970.

So, while it may be true that the average pop hit is still down at the level of "Tie a Yellow Ribbon . . . ," we have at least begun a tradition of matching the cream of our voices with the cream of our songs, for the appreciation of an audience that is maturing with its artists. Whether the legions of good taste will ever outnumber the fools at the top who run the show is a question none of the popular arts has yet been able to confront. □

Bruce Pollock is the author of In Their Own Words: Popular Song Writing 1955–1974.

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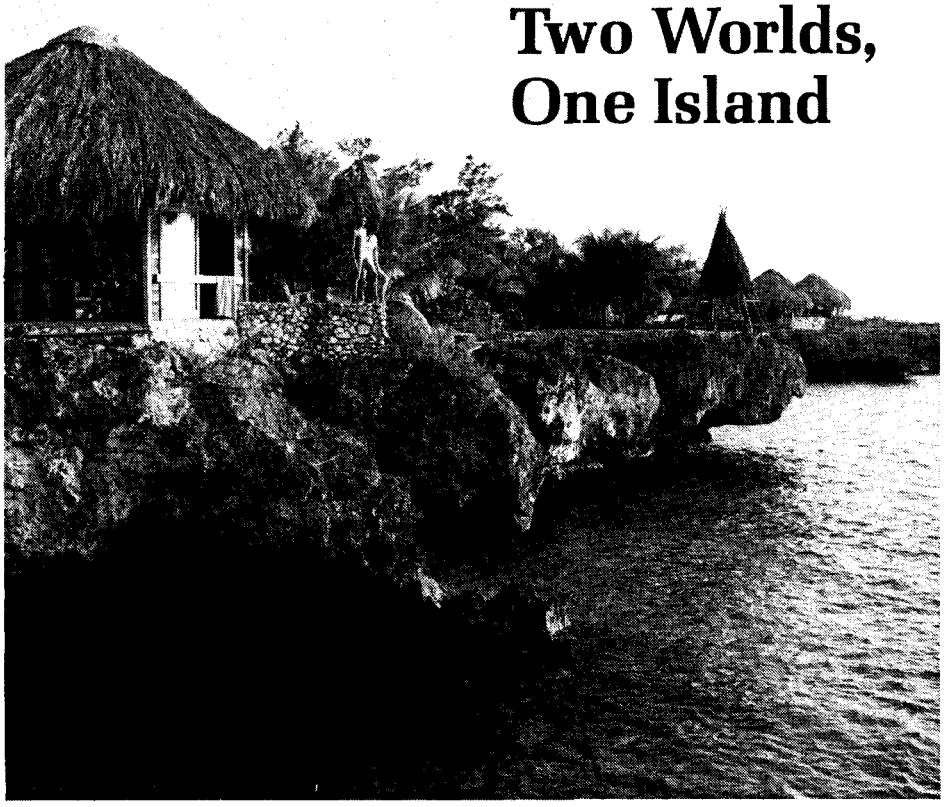
Two Worlds, One Island



Virginia Radcliffe

Rock House at Negril—"Planted on a shelf just above an aquamarine sea."

by Horace Sutton

Nearly a score of years ago, the girl and I ordered a picnic basket and, early one sun-washed morning, rolled out of that cultivated dell called Round Hill on the northwest coast of Jamaica and set out in a rattly car for a seven-mile-long beach called Negril, which lines the west end of the island. There was, as the advance reports had promised, no one on the beach when we got there save for an amiable caretaker who rented a palm-dappled ramshackle hut in which one could change to bathing costume. The girl emerged in a fetching bikini of red-and-white-flower design—I see it still—and a straw hat, and arranged her limbs on the sand, providing an instant decorous touch to the endless strip of deserted sand. I put the wine bottle in the sea, tying the neck with a length of raffia to a coconut palm, and settled my frame under the Jamaica sun.

We spent the day sunning, dozing, nibbling, sipping, and swimming, and when we packed our kit, heading back toward the manicured preserve of Round Hill by way of the leafy back roads, I racked it up then, as I do now, as an idyll to be recalled, as Cole once wrote, "whenever the winter winds become too strong."

I was back on Negril not long ago, the first time I had seen it since its Crusoe splendor of the Fifties. The girl came along, and so did the progeny, produced in the interregnum. We had changed, the girl and I. We were neither so lithe, so lissome, nor so free of spirit, but Negril had changed most of all.

For one thing, metal telegraph poles had been planted on either side of the road to prevent the marijuana planes, trafficking between the West Indies and Florida, from landing. The bearded people had taken over much of the beach, finding it an ideal corner for the informal, unfettered, unclothed life. The first hotel, called the Sundowner, was long since a veteran, but the first establishment of luxury, called the Coconut Cove, was the new place, strung out on 1,000 feet of beach. The cocktail lounge and bar is only a step from the sand making it hardly necessary, anymore, to cool a bottle of wine in the sea. The apartments, some with one bedroom and some with two, can be rented or bought, but whether one is an owner or a lodger, the standard is informality. A caftan over a bikini would be considered dressed, one of the prime movers of the establishment assured me. But even that is considered a costume for a formal ball on this sand strip, where for some years now the members of the set who eat natural foods and grow great crops of hair have worn little over the epidermis save a light film of suntan oil.

From the airport at Montego Bay to the door of Coconut Cove measures about 50 miles, but that is a tiresome run on the roads of Jamaica, and rumor danced of a jetport to be fashioned of a 3,000-foot runway that now exists.

The formal folks in their caftans-over-bikinis will in time, presumably, establish a coexistence policy with the counter-culturists who inhabit the south end of Negril. Indeed, they will find it amusing to come upon such places as the Negril Yacht Club, which has two rooms, no yachts, but swings at night. The Chicken Lavish is less than lavish, although chicken is the dish, as it is at Erica's, which sets out wooden benches for its customers to dine, if that's the right word, al fresco. The Jamaicans have been quick to comprehend the needs of the natural-food cultists, and they have obliged with pushcarts that offer honey, nutmeg, and, as one purveyor explained to me, "roots from the mountain, man."

Near the Negril lighthouse, Rick's Café tries to bridge the worlds between conch soup and Nova Scotia salmon, and cream cheese on a bagel. The bagel, paved as it is with nutriments from the northlands, costs $3.50 down here, or the same as a lobster salad. The milk shakes are spiked with Tia Maria, the coffee-flavored Jamaican liqueur, and in the soft evenings one can sip a shake while watching such period flicks as *Night Plane From Chungking,* imported from the outside world.

The Rick's Café crowd, when they are not at Rick's, takes shelter in dozens of informal sanctuaries squirreled away along the beach. One of the more structured cottage colonies—it goes under the name of Awee-maway, lifted phonetically from a rock lyric—is a quiet village of round houses all but hidden in a welter of croton, ginger, ti leaf, and banana. In keeping with the *nouvelle vague,* the establishment dispenses no canned or tinned foods, but it will turn out vegetarian dishes of sweet peppers, string beans, onions, and pumpkin cooked with rice, and the breadfruit and callalu are plentiful. For those not on an

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Jamaica Tourist Board

Colonial ruin—"A foundation of great houses and transplanted aristocracy."

ascetic's diet, fish, chicken, and lobster come to table and, by order, steak.

I was captivated by the Rock House Retreat, a singularly descriptive title for a collection of seven thatch-roofed cottages that have been planted on a rock shelf just above an aquamarine sea. There being no amenities as formal as electricity, the cottages are kerosene lit, and each is equipped with a two-burner gas range, a cold box of the sort one takes on tailgate picnics, and a bath with an outside shower.

If you want to keep house, that's dandy. Fishermen call in at the bay with a fresh catch daily. On the other hand, catwalks lead over the rocks to a dining room, where the resident cook will work up nourishment at about five to eight dollars for dinner. At night, lights twinkle all over the rocks, a scene so captivating that the management has said that even if electricity becomes available, they will disdain it. By day the swimming is superb. No beach here, but shimmering pools of turquoise sea, snorkeling in the caves worn into the rocks by the Caribbean, sun-bathing in the altogether on a secluded rock, and, occasionally, for company, a school of peeping-Tom porpoises at play just offshore.

I can't offer a valid reason to explain an Italian presence on the remote spit of Negril, but the flag of Rome flutters over the Samsara Bungalows, a small and secluded colony on the coral rocks. The six cottages that occupy four acres of land are each divided into three hexagonal apartments, each with two bedrooms, a patio, and kitchen facilities. The rocks are out of public view, which, as the management avers, makes it convenient for nude swimming and sunbathing, a feature the resort's brochure makes abundantly clear.

A British couple operates a modest collection of proper motel-style rooms called Charela. A full English breakfast may be stout enough to carry one as far as the five-course dinners, when the menu would likely include fish fritters, lobster curry, and beef Bourguignonne. No vegetarian fare here. The tone is straight or square, depending upon how you read it, and the owners sometimes fly down the beach to shoo away unclad strollers who have strayed from the less structured precincts of Negril.

Providing a sanctuary for those who stroll in the altogether, bathe *au naturel*, and dine on natural foods is a new role for Jamaica, an island that made its reputation on stylish resorts and rests on a foundation of great houses, plantation airs, and transplanted British aristocracy.

Some 50 great houses have survived, some of them as government residences, some as clubs, some as the showpiece of resorts, and many as private residences. Buying great houses and maintaining them has become something of a style, rather like restoring old houses in Philadelphia. Johnny Cash owns one; so does Heinz Simonitsch, the managing director of Half Moon, one of the island's premier resorts, who has bought 17-acre Arcadia Great House, built in 1832. Sign Great House, five miles from Montego Bay, still exists, and its present owners have tried to retain a whiff of plantation days even though the house and the 40 remaining acres are part of a resort.

High tea is served in the drawing room. The surrounding acres are lush with bananas, breadfruit, mangoes, vanilla bean, star apples, coconut palms, and other fruits of the Jamaican vine. On special nights a buffet is laid out with curried goat, callalu, rice and beans, and johnnycake, all delectables of the Jamaican table. The price, under $50 a day for two, is right, and that includes bedding down in a four-poster and a bedside lamp that says "Home Sweet Home."

There is an air that is properly creaky about Good Hope Plantation, six miles south of Falmouth, a 1755 house overlooking 2,000 acres of coconut palms and Brahman cattle. The oldest continuously inhabited house in Jamaica, it invites visitors (at $2 each) to poke among the period furniture, the paintings, and the memories. The pillars that support the entranceway are mahogany, the stone steps came as ballast from Bath, and other stonework was quarried in Wales and in Bristol. Horses, some of which seem as ancient as the house, can be rented for rides over the spare pastureland on which 3,000 slaves once worked 6,000 acres of sugar cane.

The most ambitious restoration of Jamaican great houses was undertaken by John Rollins, a Delaware mover-and-doer who undertook to rebuild Rose Hall, one of Jamaica's most celebrated estates. Rollins put $1.5 million into returning the ruin that was Rose Hall into the stone house that was the mansion of Annie Palmer, well remembered for her aggravating habit of bewitching the unwary, beheading slaves, and ridding herself of husbands and lovers by imaginative means. Pouring oil in the ear was one way, although she also resorted to such mundane methods as poison, stabbing, and strangulation. Annie turned up murdered in her bedroom and was buried, without tears, in the east garden of the plantation. Her grave can be visited, and so can Mr. Rollins's restoration, which has become—morbid as it may seem to some—an attraction for sightseers who, at tour's end, can shop for souvenirs or have a drink or a sandwich in the bar.

In addition to the restoration, Mr. Rollins expended another $3.5 million for 7,000 acres of the estate on which an assortment of condominiums, villas, and homes have been planted. At Spring Farm, a Rollins/Rose Hall enterprise, you can build your own great house in Annie's shadow. The home sites also overlook, somewhat more felicitously, the Rose Hall–Half Moon golf course.

For easy living without the legends and the trappings of the Woodstock folk, there is Half Moon itself, a curving strip of cottages and hotel rooms on a fine crescent of beach. Seven all-weather courts are laid out on the 300-acre estate, and so are a pair of pools and a terrace by the sea for sunset cocktails. One dresses for dinner Wednesdays and Saturdays. Up at Negril they would take that to mean putting on one's clothes. □

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(What Doth It Profit a Man . . . :
continued from page 21.)

Too much focus has been placed on the year-to-year fluctuations of "capital-in, profits-out" without regard to the hundreds of millions of dollars that often go in before the first profits begin to come out, usually years later.

And what of the intangible benefits to the host country? For example, new technology, increased employment and more skilled workers, a new corps of local managers trained by the multinationals, and new experience in world trade.

Finally, we are told, multinationals too often produce so-called luxury items that developing countries don't really need. But is the definition of luxury goods for industry to determine? Companies simply go where the resources or the markets are. If governments want to get into such complexities (is Coca-Cola a luxury, for example?), it is within their power to do so. (The power can be abused, of course. History shows that ideologies that would dictate life-styles too often would also dictate how people will worship, what schools will teach, and what newspapers will print. And one wonders whether some criticism of multinationals is not really an expression of such an ideology.)

But, in any case, I would argue that production of almost anything for home consumption or export adds to GNP, increases employment, aids the balance of payments, and stimulates the economy, and that all of these, in turn, give local nationals more opportunity to afford the *essentials* of life.

The fact that a commodity cannot be consumed at home should not discourage developing countries from producing it. Singapore, for example, a small island state, could not possibly use all the products from the crude oil refined there—a capacity of some 1 million barrels a day. But it can, and does, export refined products to Japan and other Asian countries, and has, as a result, the second largest per capita income in Asia. And it was achieved precisely *because* Singapore's leaders openly encouraged investment by the multinationals and created a climate favorable to them.

Although the multinationals' principal contribution is unquestionably commercial, the late Arnold Toynbee, with his uncanny ability to cut to the essential truth of things, regarded multinationals as corporate "world citizens," a vital counterforce to the extremes of nationalism.

Wherever you go within Mobil, for example—to 42nd Street in New York, the Steinstrasse in Hamburg, or to a cluster of small buildings in Medan, Sumatra—you will find a multiplicity of accents: people of many nationalities mingling, making friends, and learning from each other. You will find English geophysicists working with Indonesians; French and German scientists cooperating on a research project; a Japanese planner working with his American counterpart.

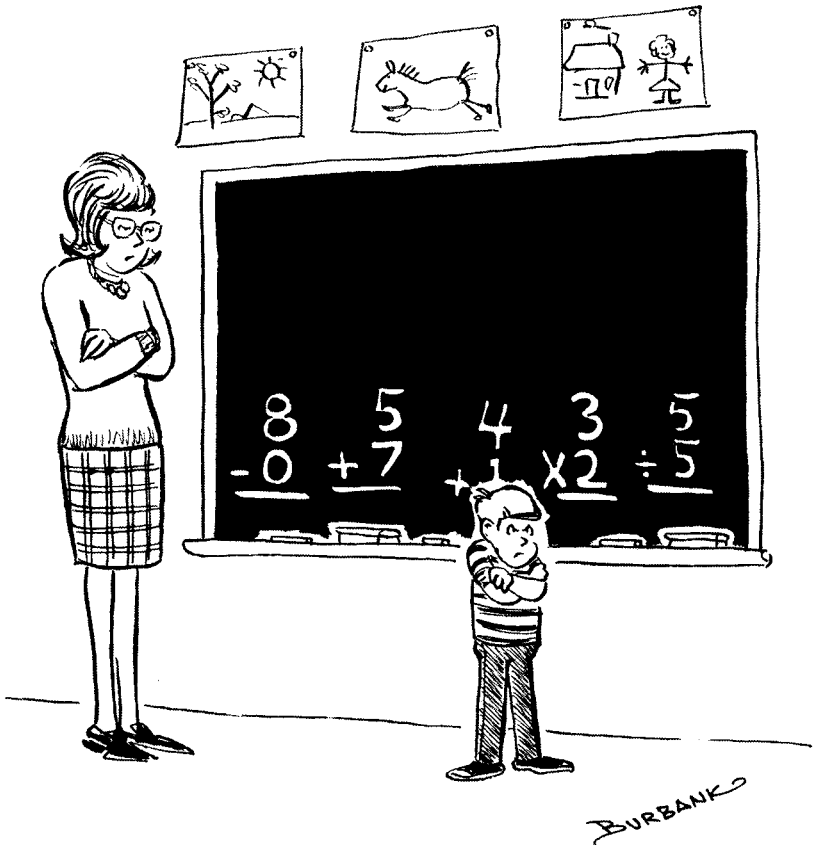
In the course of their business contacts, these employees are also bridging cultural barriers and establishing personal relationships among people of wide diversity: Toynbee's "world citizens." None will lose his or her nationality. But all will gain from "multinationality."

Multinationals have upgraded the levels of education in many nations through training for employees. On any given day, at least 200 people from Mobil's international affiliates will be in formal training courses to improve their skills and, eventually, their earning potential. Multinationals also fund thousands of scholarships and aid many local universities. Companies have even built primary schools in some developing countries.

I also think the multinationals' programs in support of artistic endeavors have helped in a small way to enrich, or at least to draw attention to, the cultural heritage of the nations where we operate. Mobil has sponsored a number of art competitions and exhibitions and has even produced books advancing local art. The international publication of *The Living Arts of Nigeria,* for example, helped gain recognition for the too-little-recognized artistic tradition of this largest of the black African nations.

While avoiding chauvinism, we also try as a U. S.–based multinational to show others the best of the United States. For the Bicentennial, a Mobil poster exhibition drawn from 13 original works by leading American artists will be exhibited in a number of European cities, including several in Eastern Europe, providing others with a look at how we see ourselves. By sharing the cultural riches of nations, we can all improve our understanding of each other as people.

Multinationals are profit-seeking enterprises, as I said earlier. But they may also be what Courtney Brown, former dean of Columbia University School of Business Administration, calls a "hoped-for force that will ultimately provide a means of unifying and reconciling the aspirations of mankind." □



"Because batteries go dead in pocket calculators, that's why."

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

How Do You Pronounce...?

In the past couple of months, I've received at least half a dozen letters on one specific problem. I find this very puzzling, because the problem strikes me as one that shouldn't normally vex anyone. In fact, it turns out to be no problem at all. It's the pronunciation of *luxury*. The typical letter says something like this: "Why do so many people—even television commentators, who should know better—pronounce it *lug-zhury*?"

At first, the question put me in a quandary. I saw nothing wrong with *lug-zhury* for *luxury*, and I wondered to myself how I'd been pronouncing it all these years.

These questions that suddenly tend to make one consider for the first time the habits of years can be virtually unanswerable. For me, this question of how I've always pronounced *luxury* still has me wondering.

It's as though someone were to ask me which leg I put into my trousers first when getting dressed. I'm sure there's an answer—that whichever leg got dressed first this morning probably takes precedence almost every morning. But if, tomorrow, I were to make a point of seeing which leg went first, the very fact that I'd be self-conscious about the way in which I was getting dressed might invalidate my finding. So it is with *luxury*, at least as I faced the problem.

I thought I'd ask my wife how she pronounces it. I couldn't ask, "Do you say *luck-sury* or *lug-zhury*?" as that would be to articulate a choice, placing her on the horns of my own dilemma. So I asked her how she pronounced *l-u-x-u-r-y*. "*Lugzhury*," she said. I said I guessed that I did, too.

As I thought about it, it seemed to me that those who found *lugzhury* offensive must have had in mind the derivation from the French *luxe*, where the *x* is decidedly an *eks* and not an *egs*. On the other hand, the *u* in the French *luxe* has a sound that is not part of the English language. In English the *u* in *de luxe* can be pronounced as the *u* in *luck*, the *oo* in *book*, the *oo* in *fool*, or the *u* in *duke*. Given that freedom with the vowel in the shift to English, a little freedom with the consonant might be presumed, especially with a consonant like *x*, which contains the possibilities exemplified in *exemplified*, *moxie*, *Xochimilco*, and *Bexar* (which is pronounced *bare*—that's the Texas county whose seat is San Antonio, which is often pronounced *San Antone*). So I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't have been saying *lug-zhury* all these years, but I'll probably never know whether I have or not.

The next move was the obvious one: consult the dictionaries. I turned to *Webster's New International, Second Edition*, to find that it doesn't condone *lug-zhury*, although *lug-zhurious*, *lug-zhuriate*, and so on, are all right. *Webster's Third* and *Random House* both accept *lug-zhury* as well as *luck-sury*; so I thought that perhaps, since they are newer than *WNI II*, *lug-zhury* might be a newfangled, and therefore somewhat less reputable, pronunciation. But the Big One, the venerable *Oxford English Dictionary*, also approves of *lug-zhury*; so *lug-zhury* has excellent credentials, and those of you who have been worried about those television commentators can relax.

I think *lug-zhury* would have won out in any case, whatever the dictionaries said. The soft *ugzh* has a much more decadently sybaritic sound than the harder *uksh*, and onomatopoeia counts.

We do tend to think that whatever way we ourselves have always pronounced a word is the only way to pronounce it. Years ago I heard a radio announcer refer to someone as a *mo-no'-lo-jist*, and I told the lady I was with at the time that a person who delivers monologues is not a *mo-no'-lo-jist*, but a *mo'-no-log-ist*. She said the guy on the radio should know, and I agreed that he should but insisted that he didn't, thus assuming the status of arrogant blockhead. I still prefer *mo'-no-log-ist*, but either one is all right.

More recently, when President Ford was in China and said something about *hedge'-e-moany*, I was certain that he was wrong. Everyone knows it's *huh-gem'-ony*. I was so cocksure that I didn't even look it up for a couple of days. It turns out that either pronunciation is okay, of course.

You say *eether* and I say *eyether*. You say *luck-sury* and I say *lug-zhury*. I think. □

"You know, Guiliano, sometimes I worry about being dismissed as a mere Renaissance man."

Answer to Fraser Young Literary Cryptogram No. 50 (see page 43): A dollar may not go as far as it once did, but it makes up for it in speed. Ned Preston

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 50): loop, polo, pool.

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Double-Crostic No. 90

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 U		2 F	3 C	4 V			5 V	6 J	7 K			8 P	9 V	10 A			11 D	12 Q	13 A	14 G
15 K	16 T	17 M	18 Y			19 E	20 S	21 M	22 V			23 A	24 V	25 G			26 O	27 Q	28 T	29 Y
30 M		31 D	32 C	33 F	34 V	35 R	36 S			37 Z	38 A	39 I	40 Q	41 H	42 R	43 J			44 L	
45 A		46 X		47 Y	48 F	49 J	50 P	51 S	52 D			53 Q	54 P	55 G	56 X			57 P	58 C	
59 Y	60 H	61 D	62 A		63 B	64 Q	65 L	66 N	67 R	68 O	69 Y			70 F	71 X			72 B	73 T	
74 X		75 W	76 R	77 C	78 S	79 L	80 X	81 T		82 Q	83 B	84 D	85 R	86 P	87 E	88 X				
89 Y		90 T	91 Q	92 V	93 P		94 H	95 E	96 M	97 Y	98 G		99 S	100 N			101 M	102 T		
103 R	104 I	105 Z	106 Q	107 O		108 B	109 Q	110 X	111 J		112 R	113 Z	114 M	115 V	116 E	117 L				
118 X		119 V	120 R	121 K		122 E	123 Y		124 W	125 D	126 I	127 A	128 M		129 R	130 S	131 U			
	132 F	133 X		134 Q		135 G	136 I	137 A	138 P	139 B	140 E	141 Z	142 O		143 D	144 W				
145 J	146 E	147 Y		148 I	149 Z	150 F		151 R	152 A	153 P	154 O	155 L		156 B	157 E	158 U	159 G			
	160 R	161 O		162 L	163 U	164 F	165 H		166 W	167 J	168 E	169 Q		170 R		171 J	172 A			
173 N	174 S	175 B	176 E		177 F	178 W		179 J	180 U		181 G	182 Q	183 Z		184 F	185 Q	186 A			
187 X	188 K	189 H	190 E		191 T	192 L	193 U	194 N		195 P	196 B	197 G	198 W		199 B	200 D	201 I			
	202 C	203 K	204 U																	

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Thistle butterfly (2 wds.)	137 152 186 13 23 38 62 127 172 10 45
B. Report, proclamation	63 72 83 108 139 156 175 196 199
C. Blush; distinctive quality; pretext	202 3 32 58 77
D. A pickle, a jam (2 wds.)	200 125 143 11 31 52 61 84
E. Entertain lavishly (3 wds.)	95 122 140 146 157 168 176 190 19 87 116
F. Perplexing	150 164 177 2 33 48 70 132 184
G. Type of tie (2 wds.)	14 25 55 98 135 159 181 197
H. Harmless, typically nocturnal lizard, chiefly of the tropics	165 189 41 60 94
I. Declaimed	104 126 136 148 201 39
J. A cinch, a piece of cake (2 wds.)	43 179 49 111 145 167 6 171
K. Moderated, restrained	188 203 7 15 121
L. Borough of south London	155 192 65 44 79 117 162
M. Represented on, or as on, the stage; passed	17 96 101 114 21 30 128
N. Fleece, pluck	173 194 66 100

CLUES	WORDS
O. Depress	26 68 107 142 154 161
P. First host of radio's "Take It or Leave It" ($64 Question) (full name)	138 54 195 57 153 8 50 86 93
Q. Adhesive	109 169 82 185 40 53 64 182 12 27 134 91 106
R. American psychologist and philosopher (1842–1910; full name)	129 160 67 151 170 76 103 112 120 85 42 35
S. Conventional Hindu expression on meeting or parting	20 130 78 99 174 36 51
T. "Thy ____ Death came, and cried, Wouldst thou me?" (Shelley, "To Night")	191 16 28 81 73 90 102
U. Aerial lifeline, so to speak	131 1 180 193 163 204 158
V. In debt; being kept waiting impatiently (3 wds., slang)	22 9 4 119 92 24 5 34 115
W. Act in an obsequious manner	166 144 75 178 198 124
X. Judgment	74 80 56 133 187 46 88 118 71 110
Y. Reply	29 147 47 59 89 123 18 97 69
Z. Apportioned	37 149 113 105 141 183

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 89* appears on page 8.

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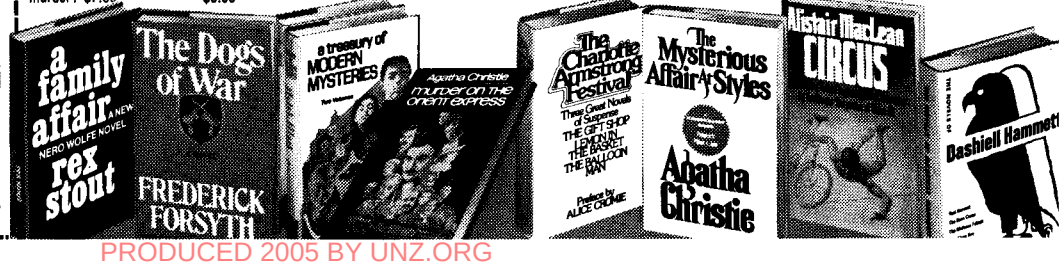

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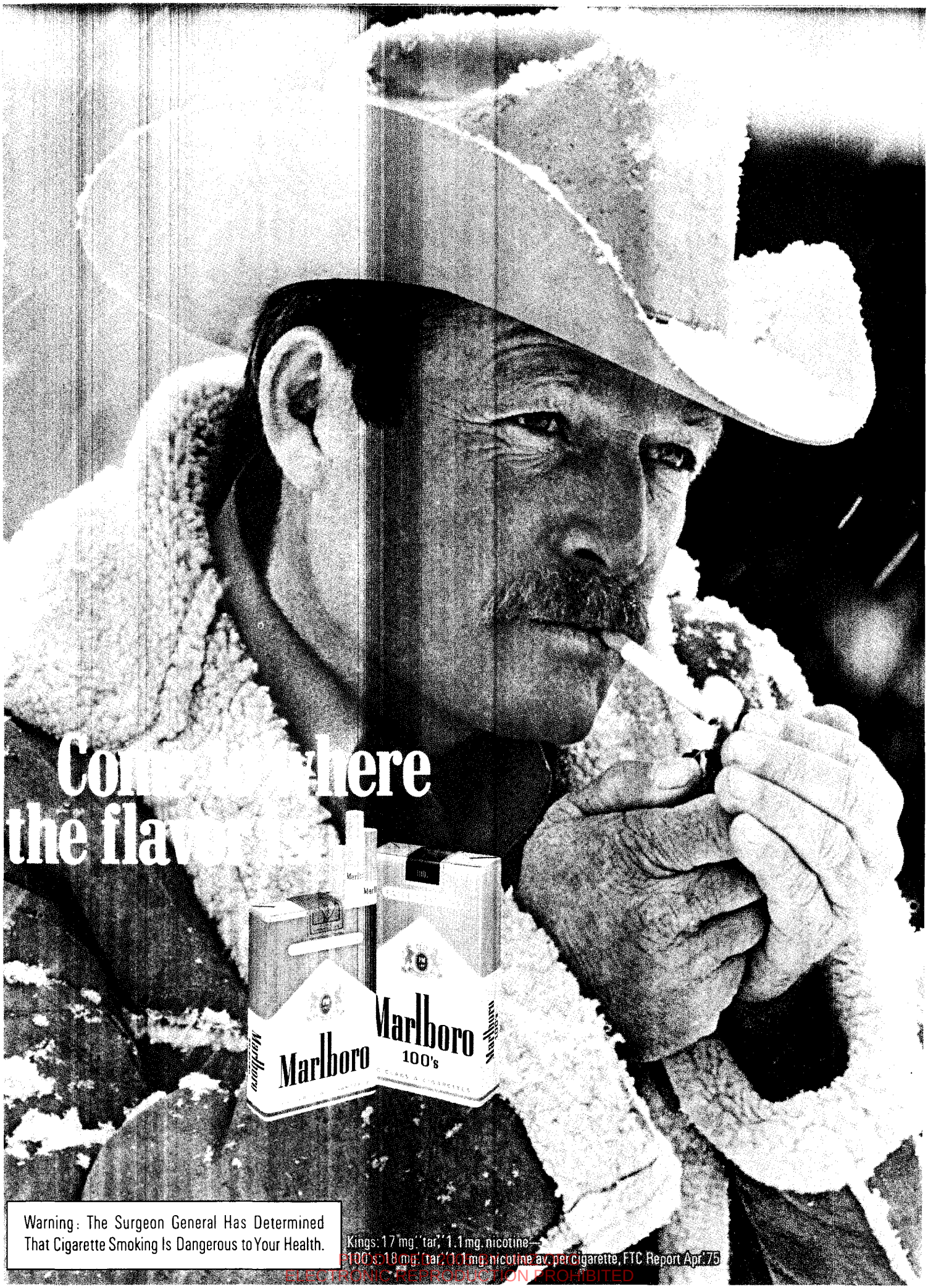

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